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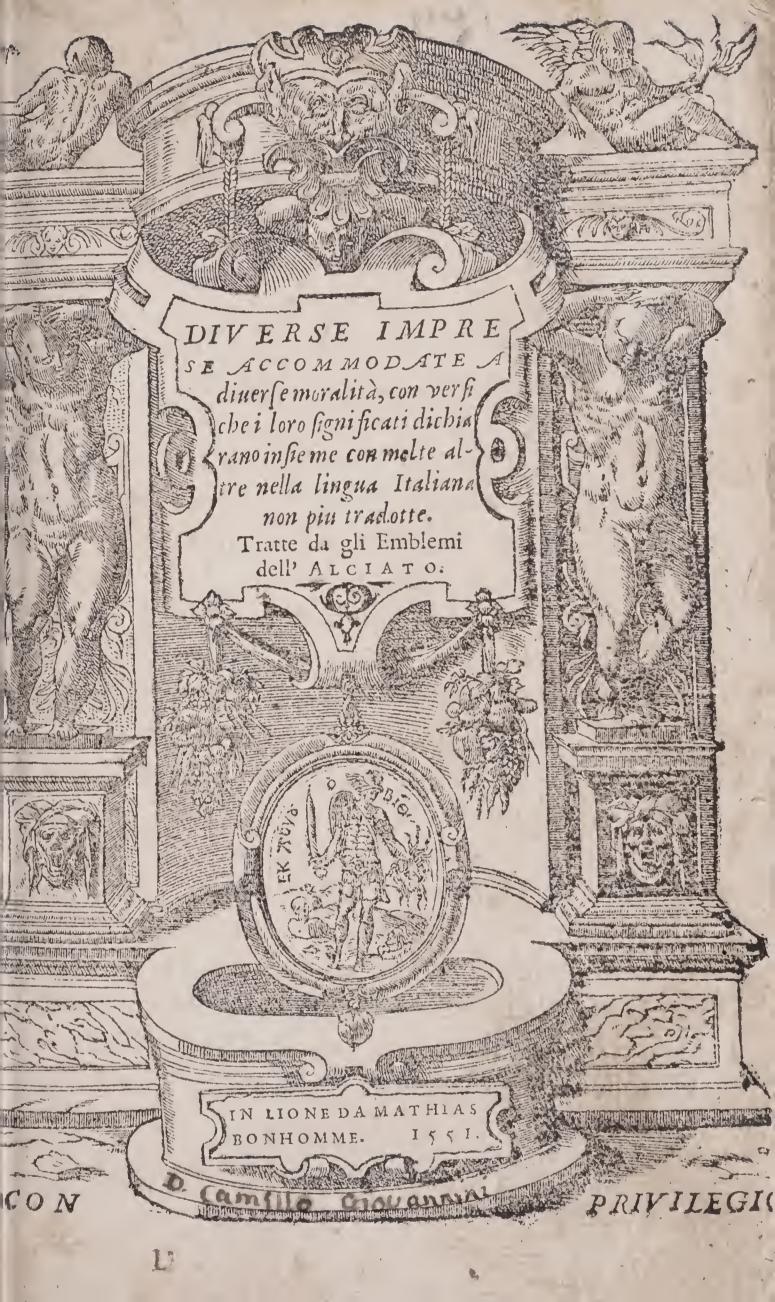
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VAULE 4-3

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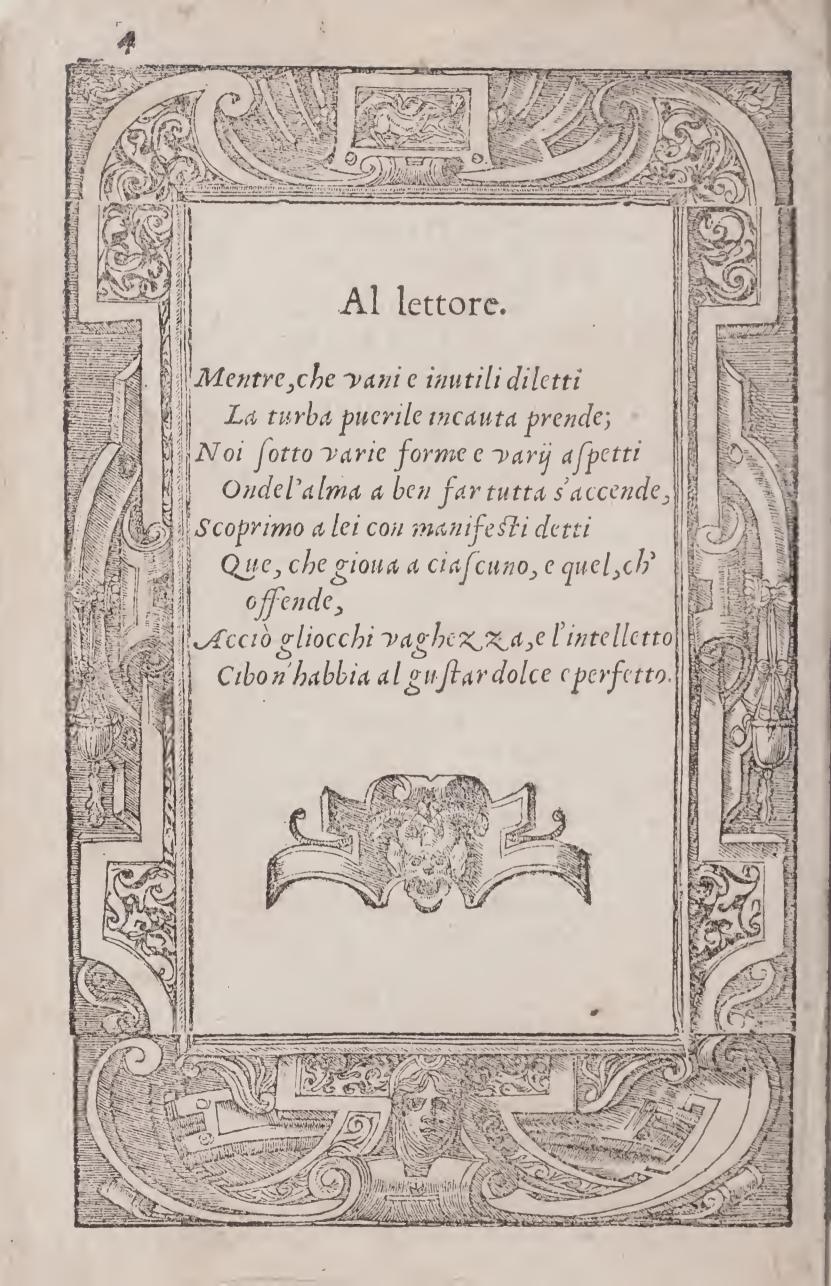
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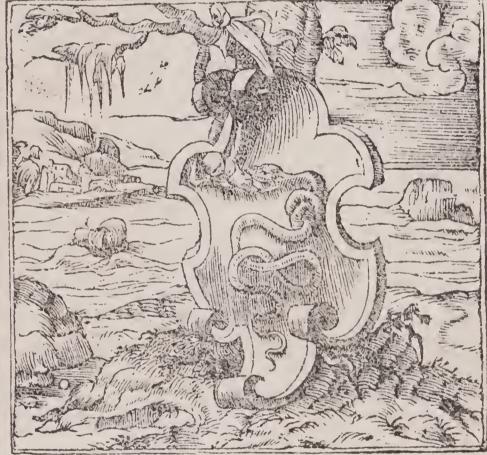




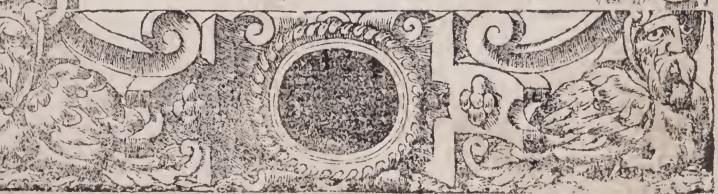






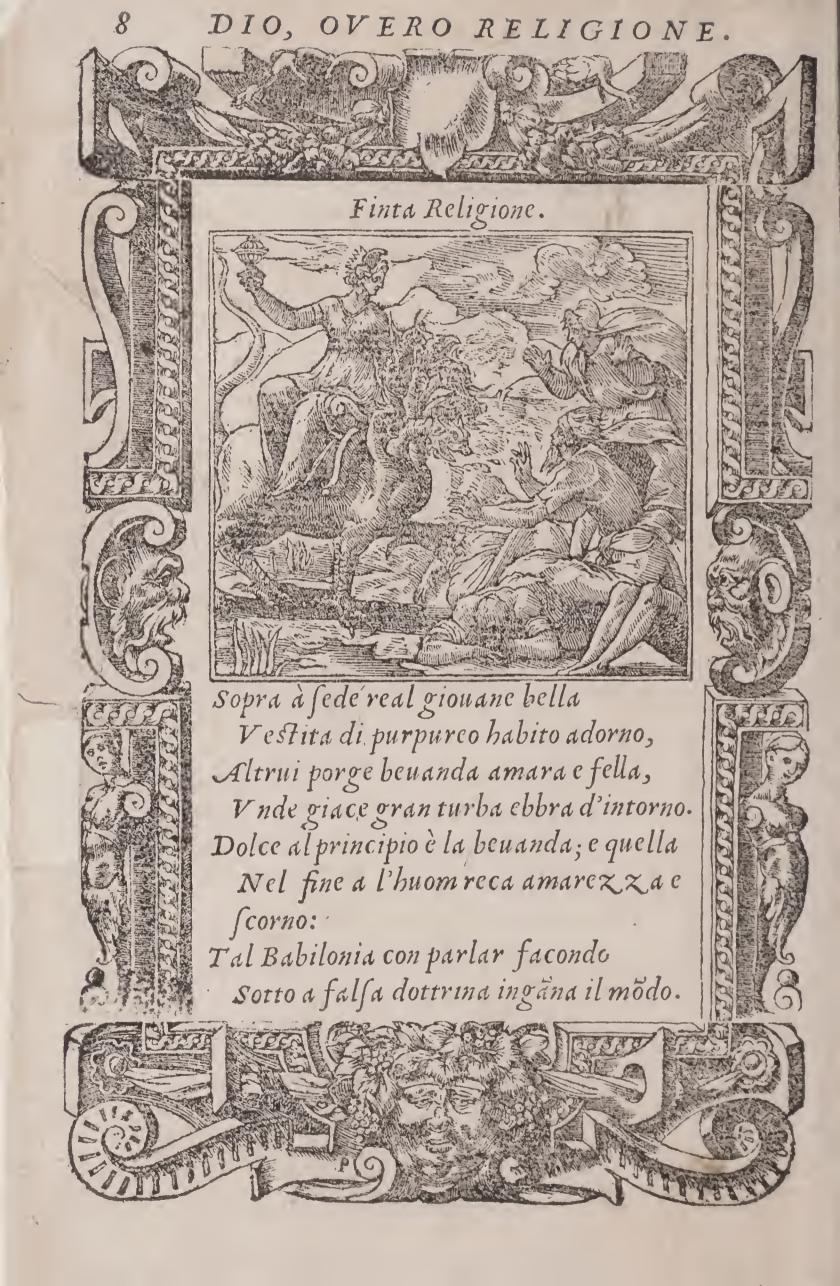


Saggio alto Signor la insegna vostra
Fanciul, ch' esce di bocca a vn serpe fora
Ilche l'alta vertu Scopre e dimostra,
C'hebber vostr' Aui, & hor con voi dimora.
Cosila Dea, che con li vitigiostra,
De la testa di Gioue nacque anchora.
El'impresa da questa il Magno tolse,
Che d'Amon siglio esser creduto volse.





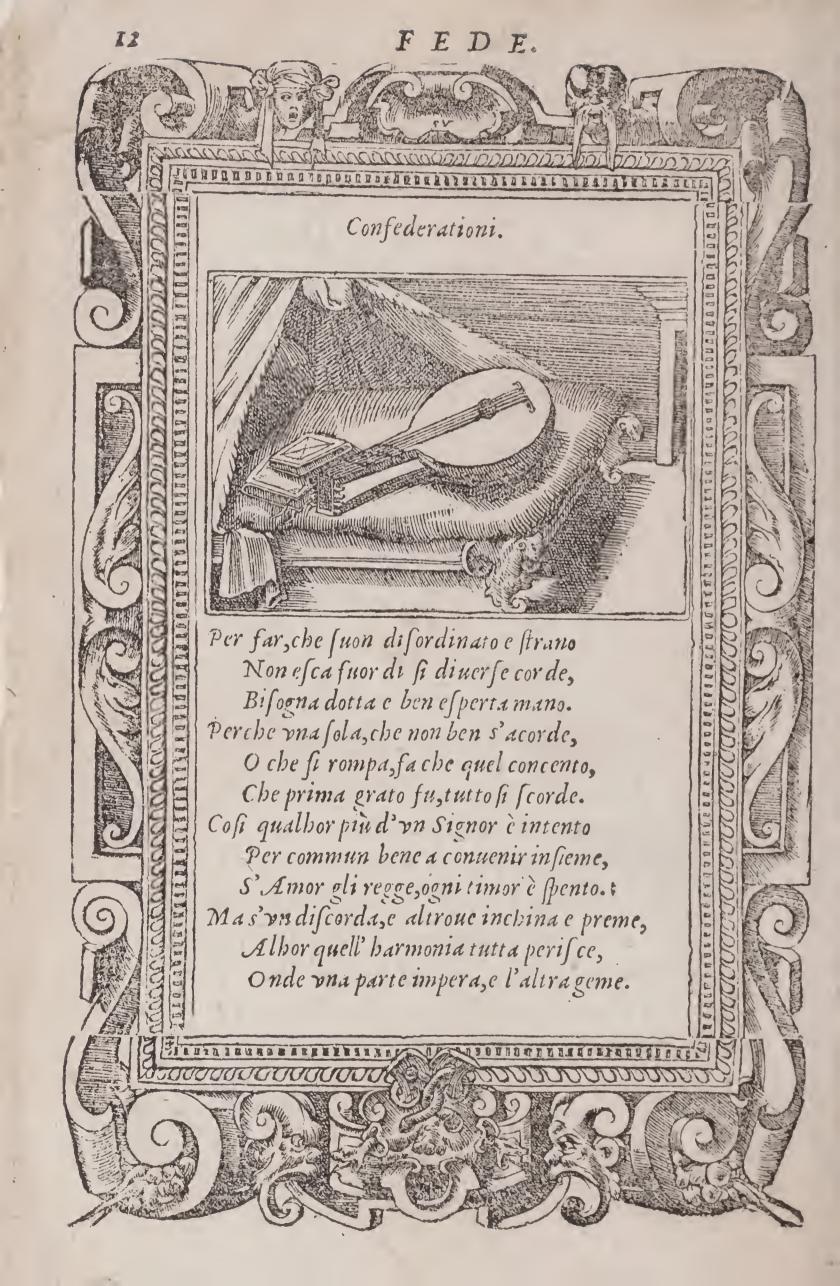






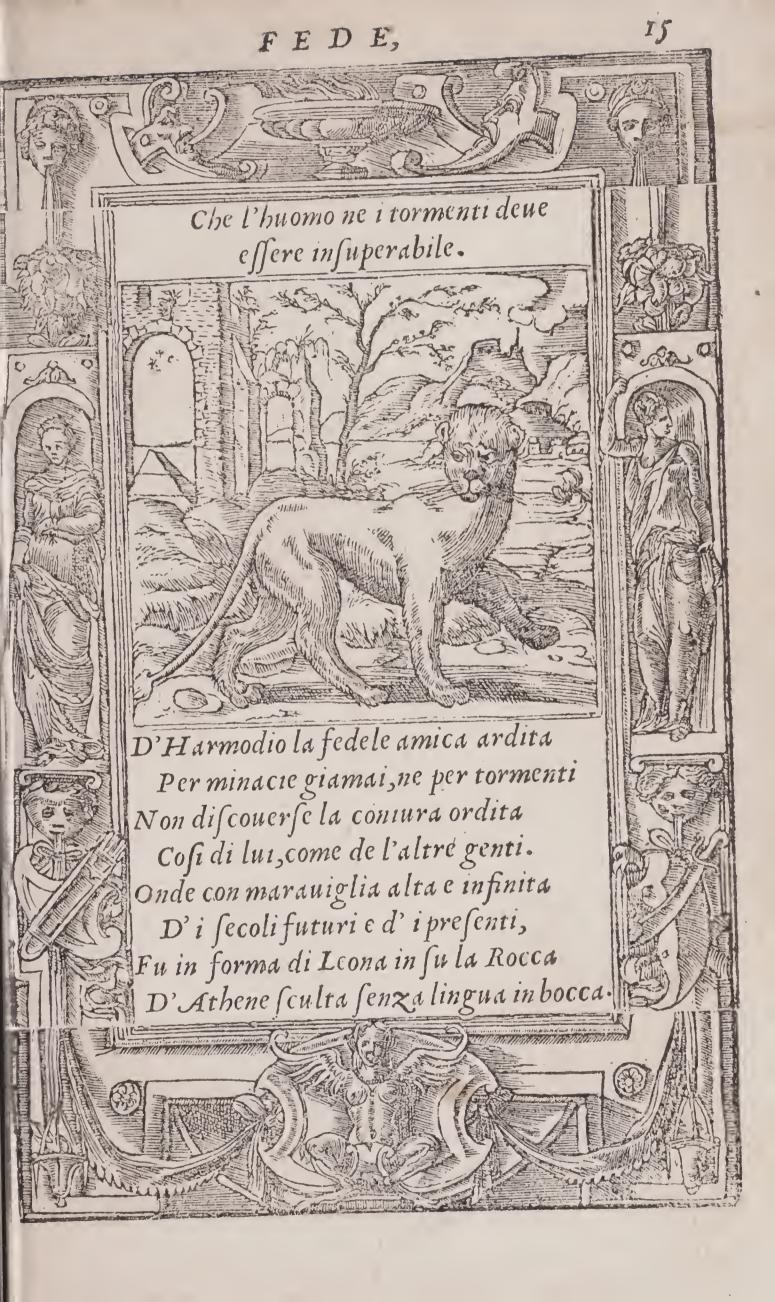


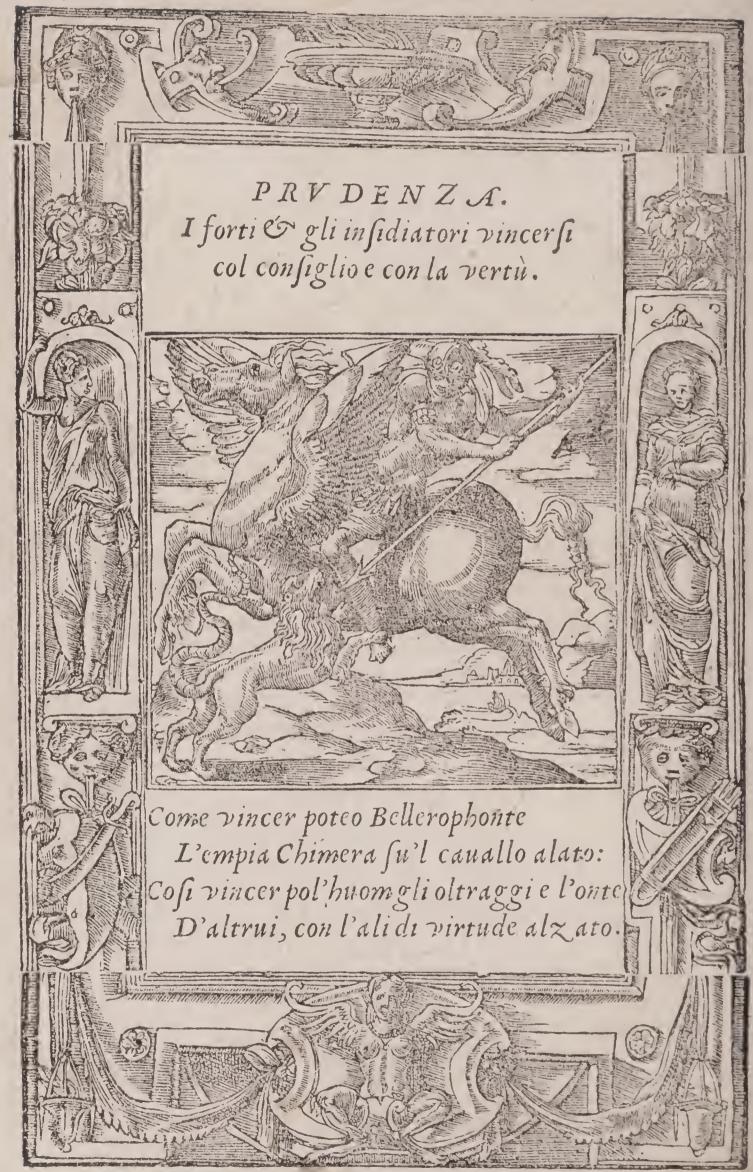


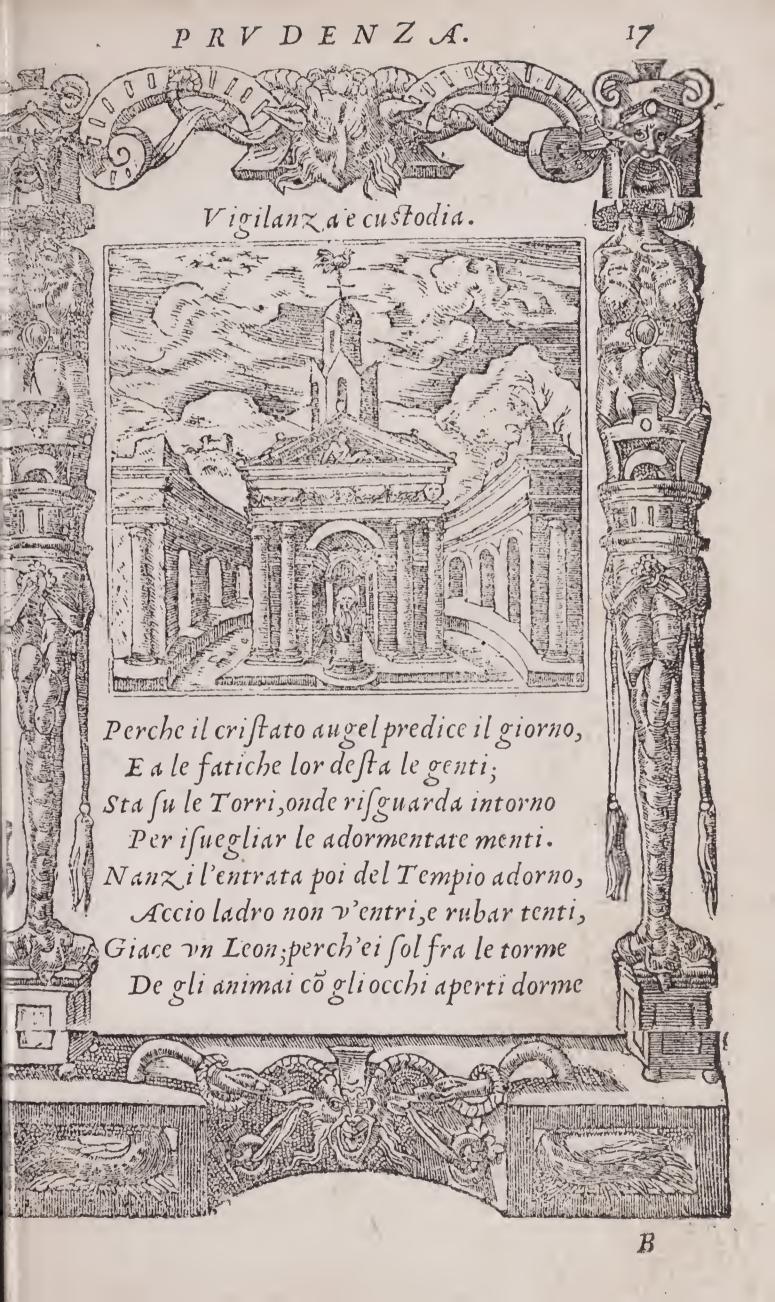




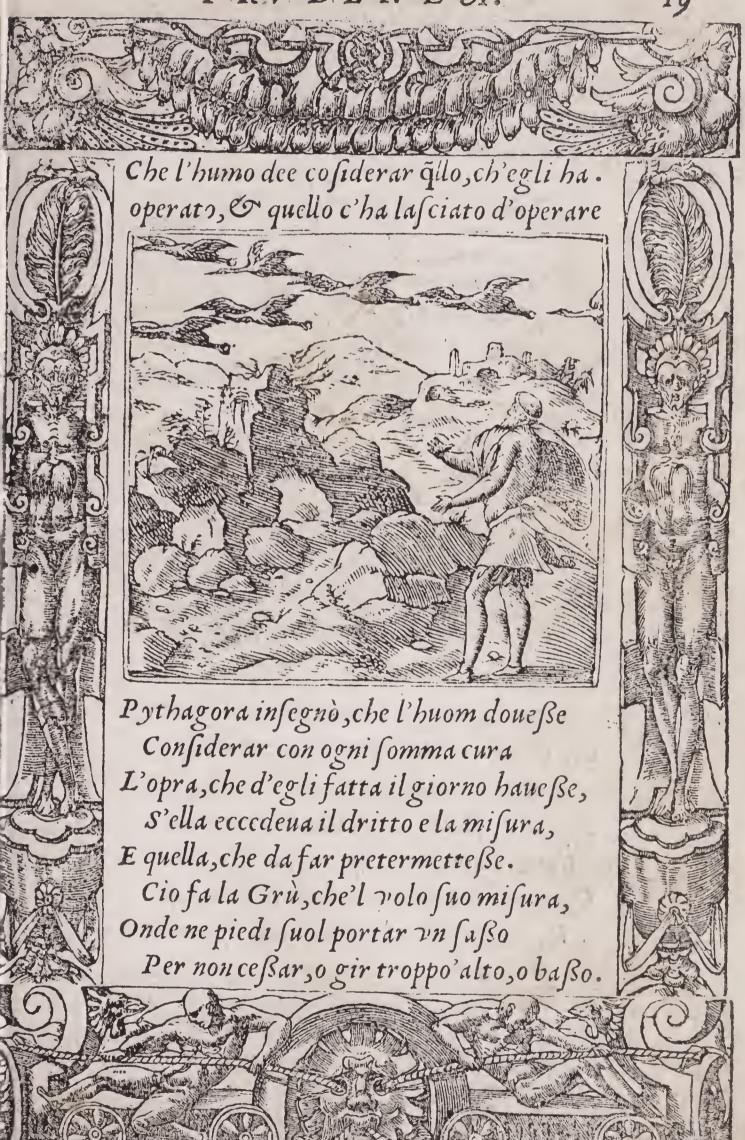
















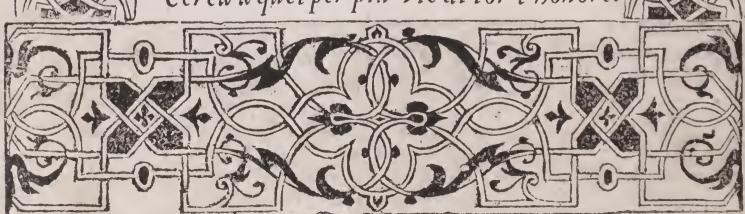




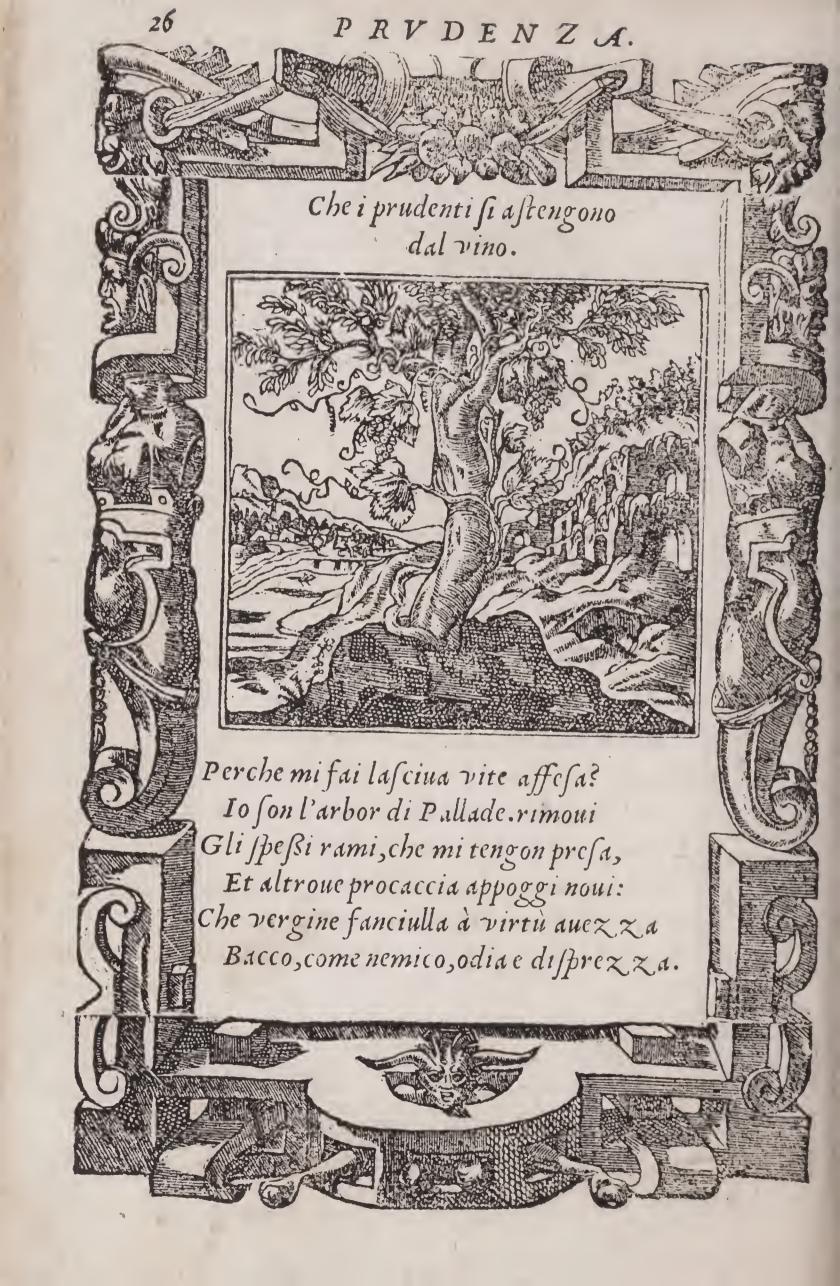






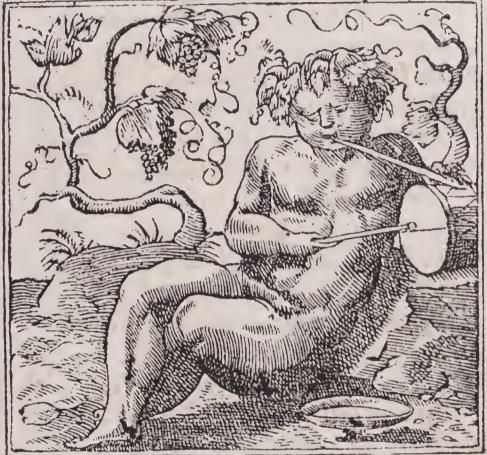








Nella statoa di Baccho Dialogo.



Baccho chi fu quell'huom tanto fra noi

Auenturoso sopra ogni mortale,
Che qui ti vide, e ti scolpio dapoi?

Fu Prasitele, alto intelletto, ilquale
Mi vide alhor, ch'io sei dolce rapina
De la bella Arianna, e lei immortale.

Deh'perche ne l'età, che piu s'inclina
A glianni di Titone, e'l lascia a drieto,
Hai si giouane saccia e peregrina?

Perche sei donimici temprato e queto

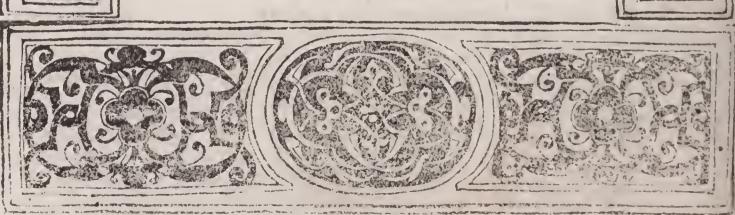






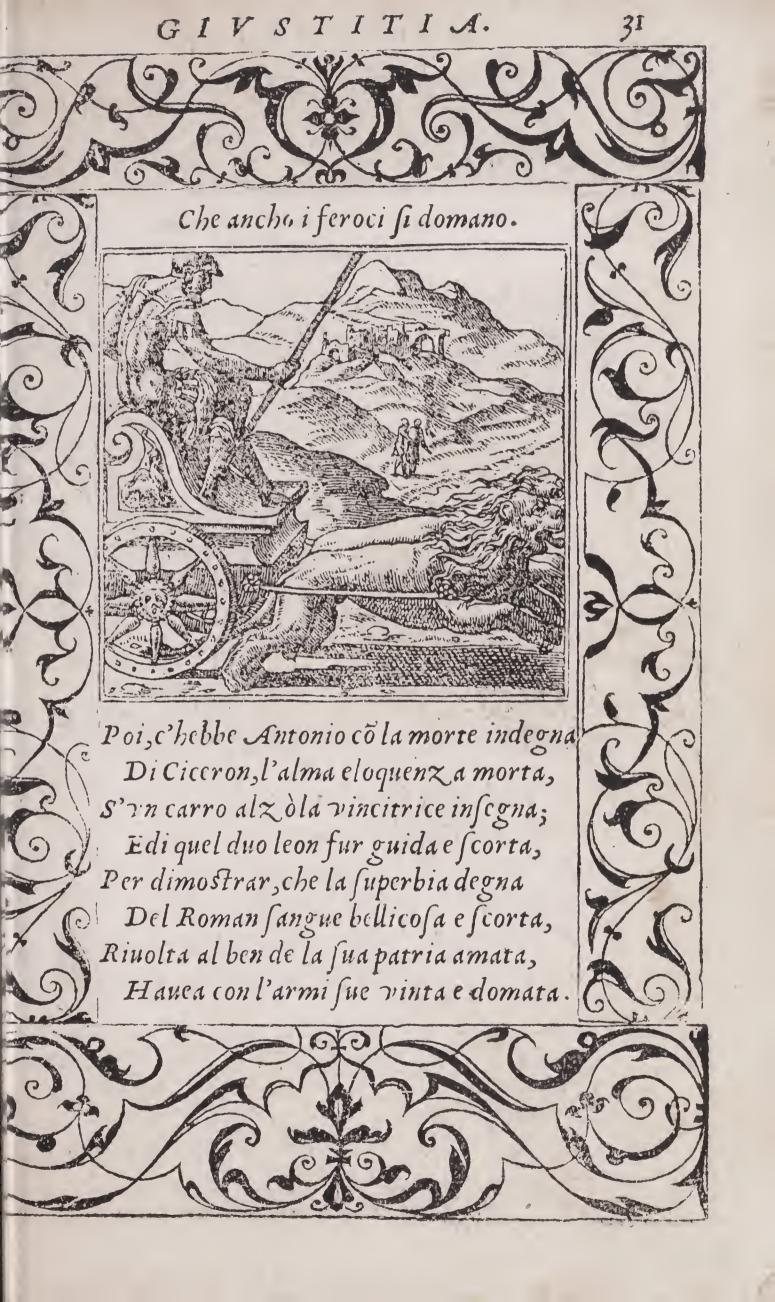


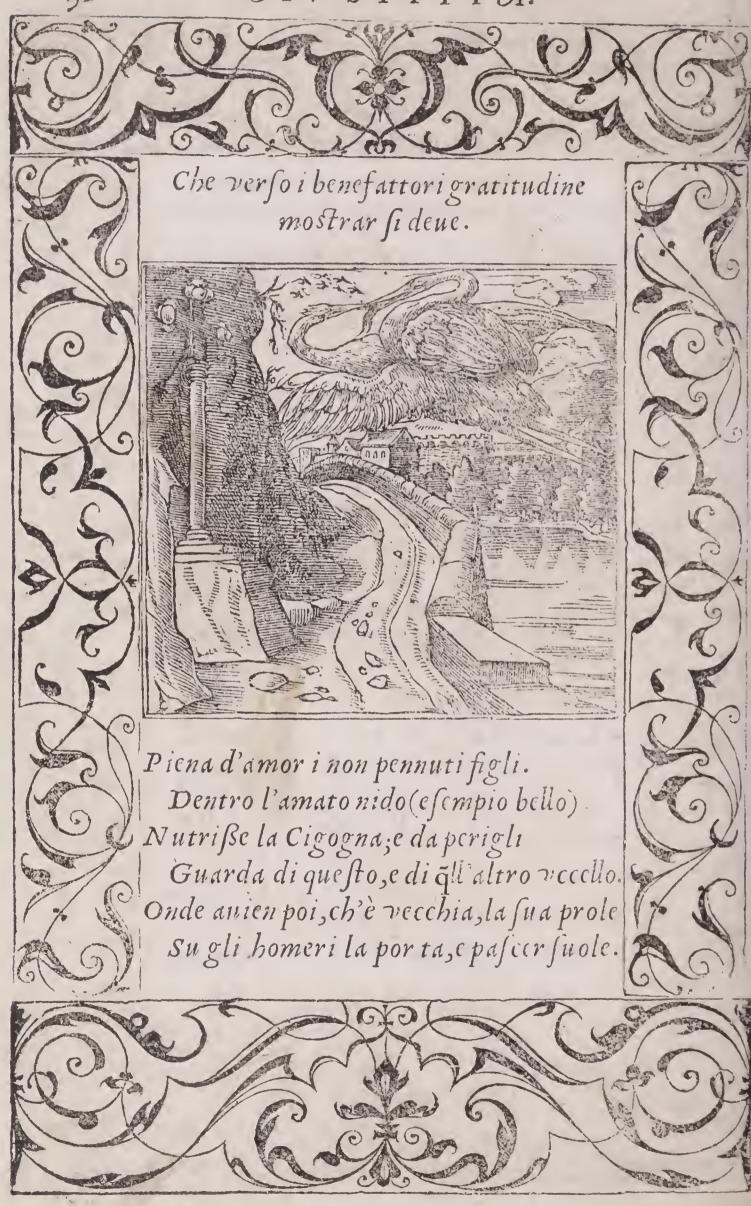
Toglier saprai con parca mano, al mondo Sarai giouane ogn'hor, viuace, e lieto. Perche sendo si vago e sigiocondo, (Di pazzo effetto) il vil tamburro soni, E corna hai in testa, qual satyro immondo? Dimostro, che chi mal questi miei doni Adoppra, gonfio e disuperbia fero, O dassi amolli effeminati suoni. Ond'èl color, almo fanciullo altero, Ch'imita il soco? Quando il padre mio Del ventre trasse me puro e sincero, Per ammorzar l'ardente incendiorio, Che hauea prodotto il folgore celeste, Mi bagno nel liquor d'vn sacro rio... Quinci imparar voi giouani doureste Aben temprar il vino accio che quello Del cor non brusci quelle parti e queste. Quant' acqua si dee por, perche si bello Dolce liquor contra il costume vsato Poi non diuenga sozzo, amaro, e fello? Vn terzo di quel tanto, che v'è dato. Dura impresa a fornir, perche la gola E piana, e'l liquor molle e troppo grato: Enon pur ne va giù, ma corre e vola.

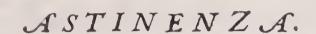


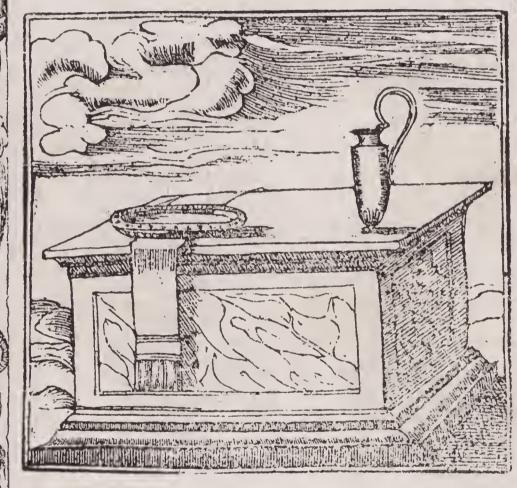




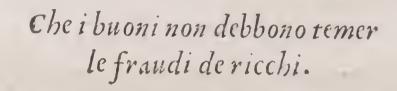








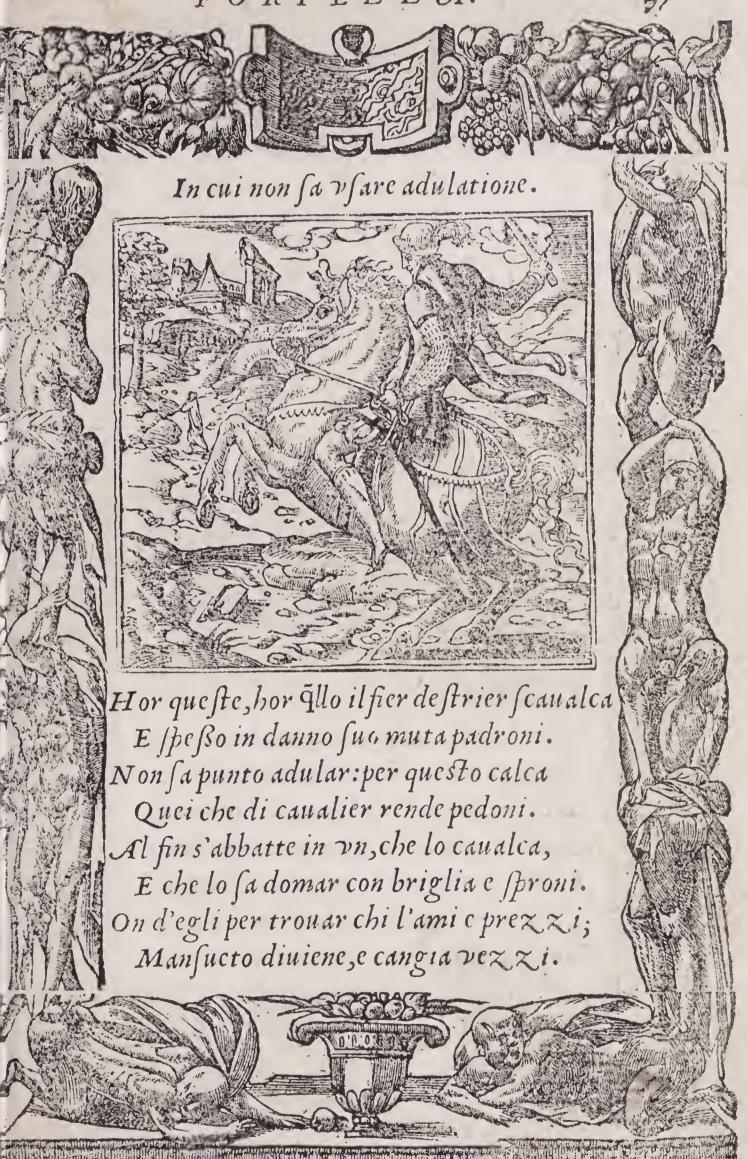
Qui il Principe si laua ambe le mani
Per demostrar, che chi gouerna e regge
Conuen, c'habbia i pensier candidi e sani,
Perche non vada mai z oppa la legge,
Che, com'ella s'inchina e torce vn poco,
Honestà, ne ragion non ha piu loco.



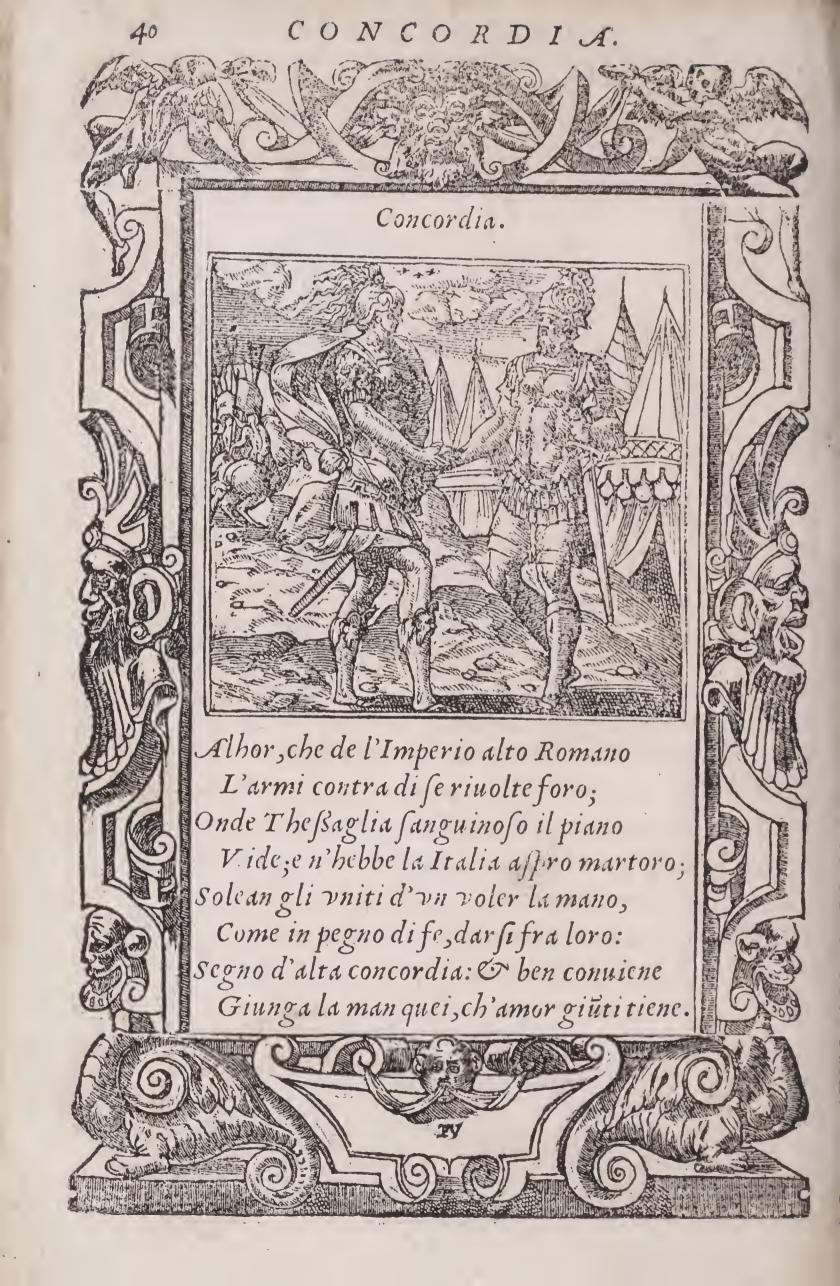


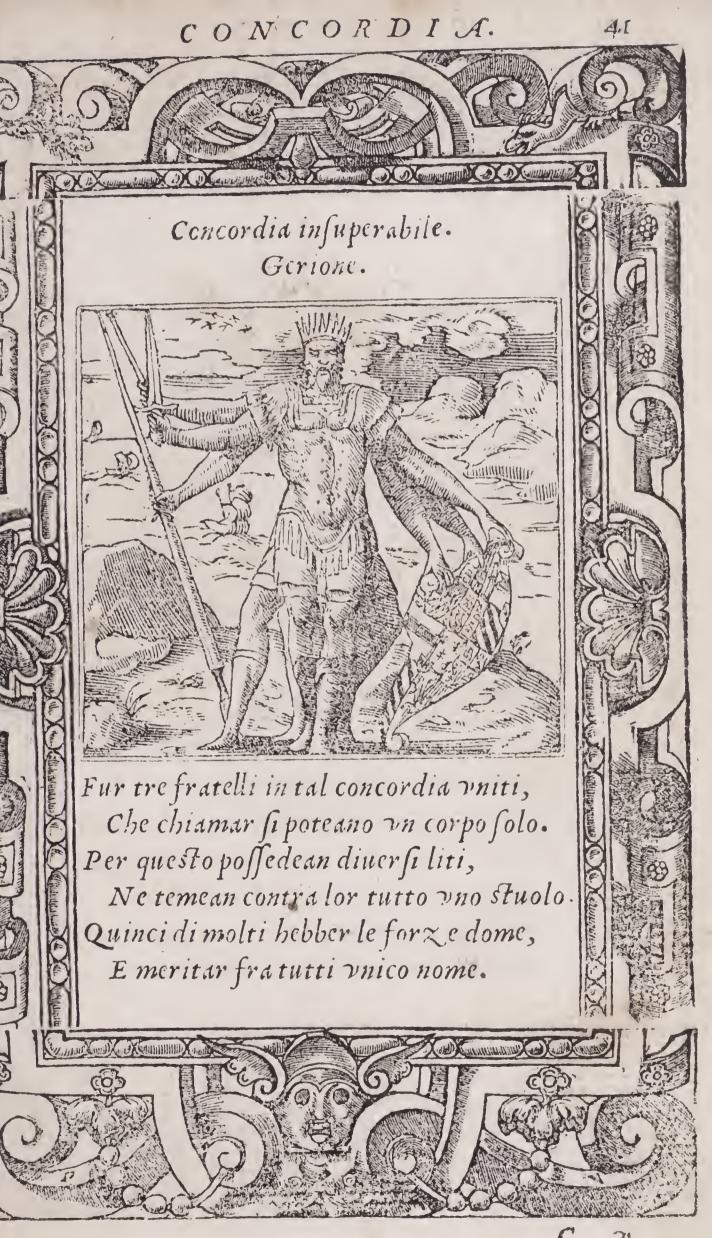
Tutte ne inuolan le sostanz e nostre (Quasi rapaci Harpie) gli auari ingrati; Se l'huom con la virtù lor non si mostra Zete, e'l fratello, i duoi giouani alati.

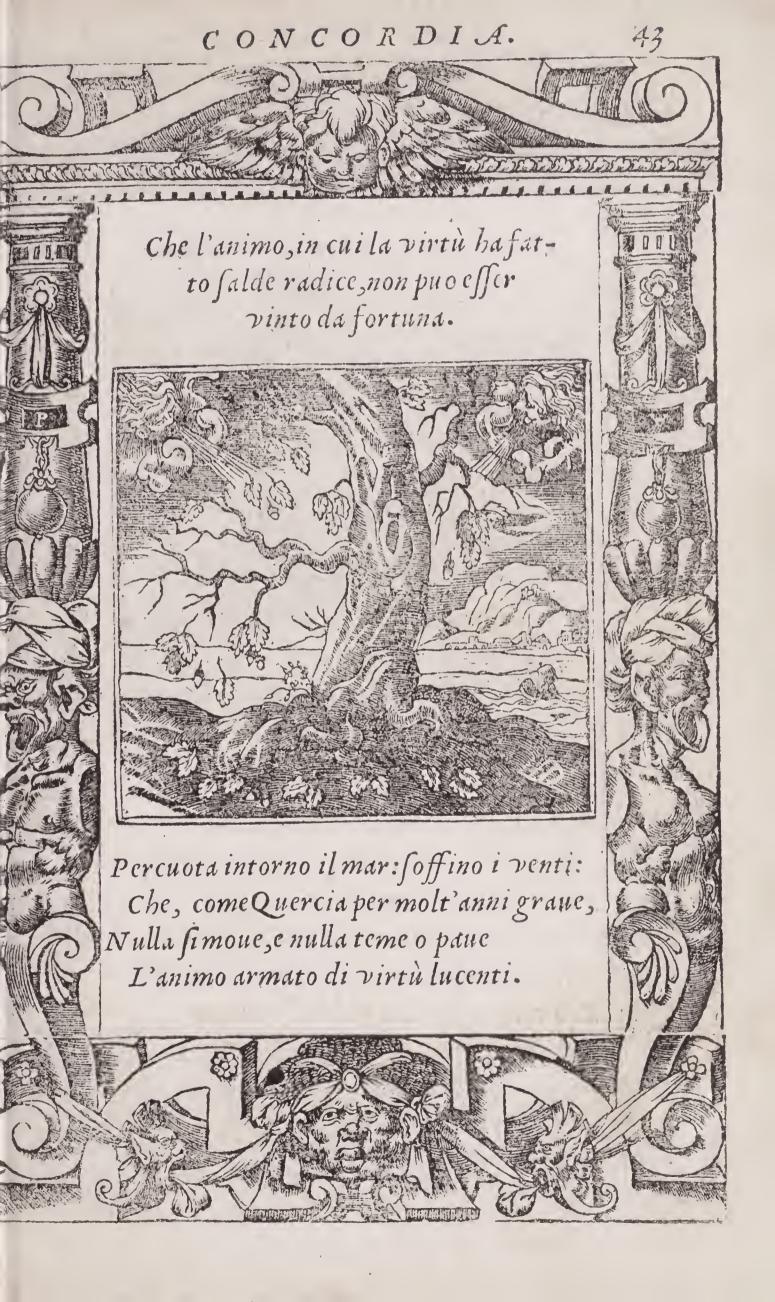


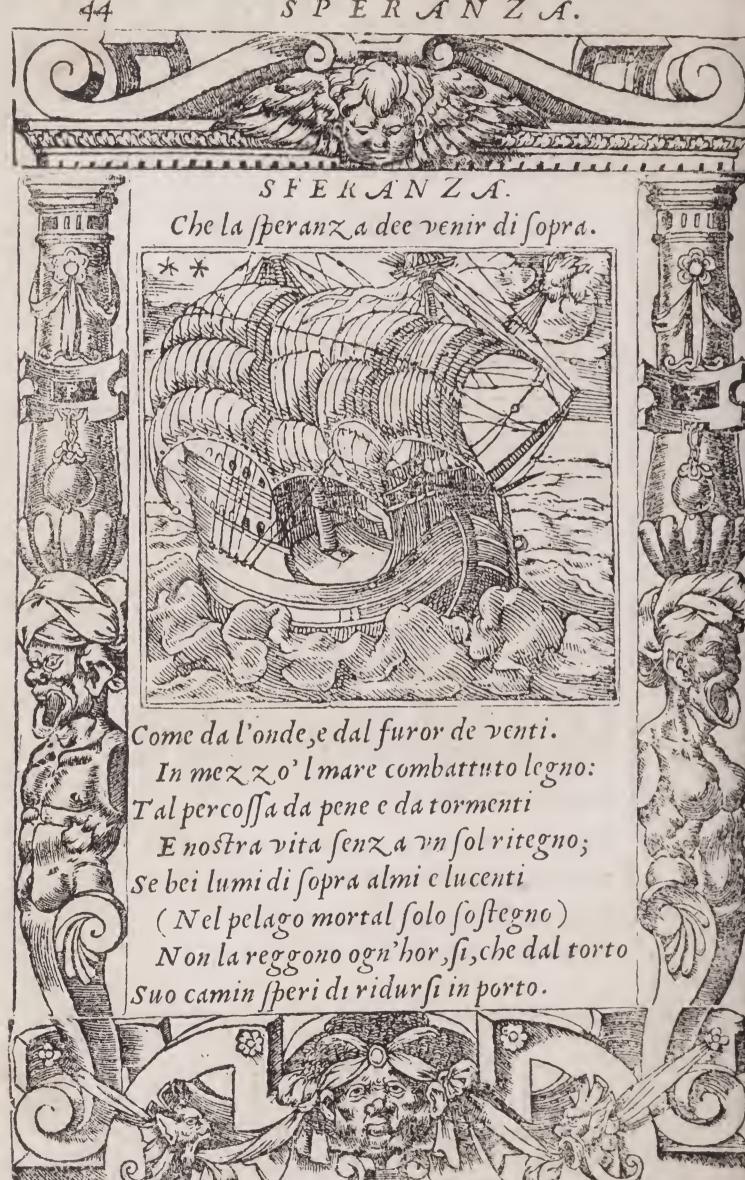


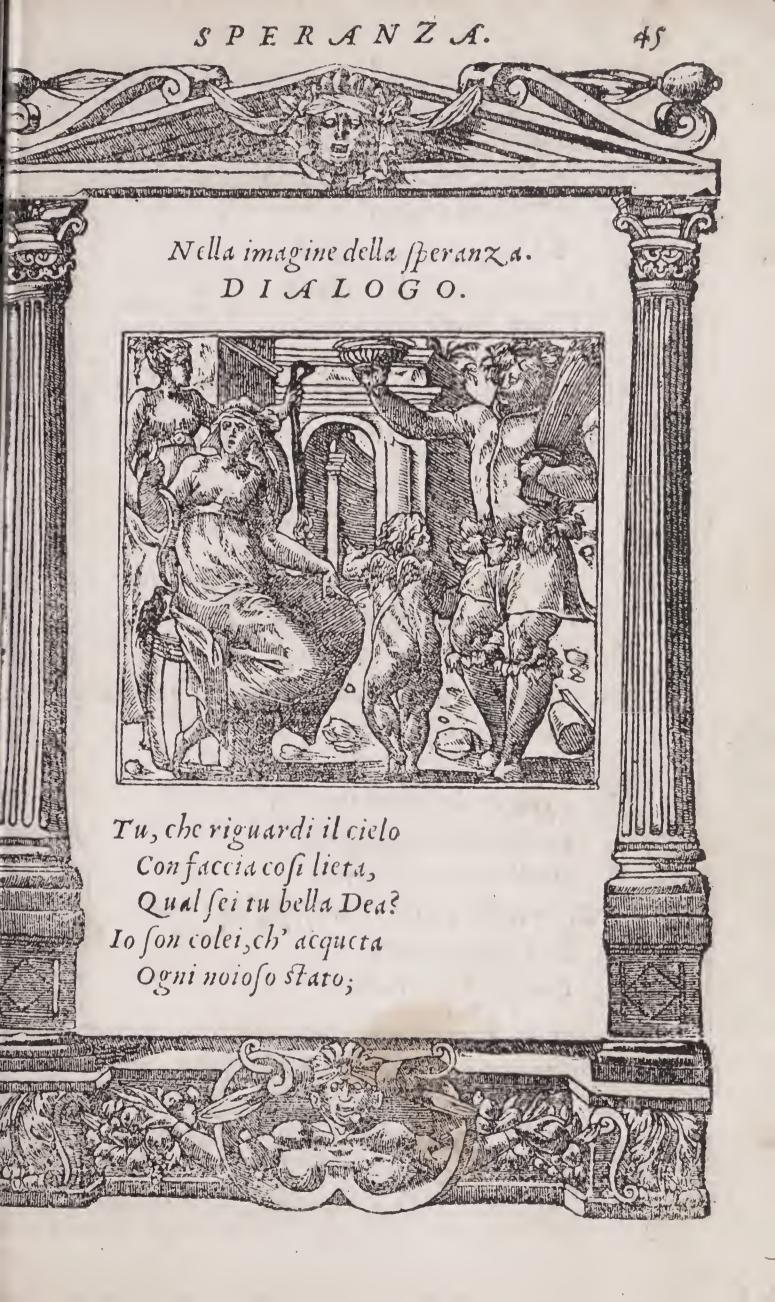


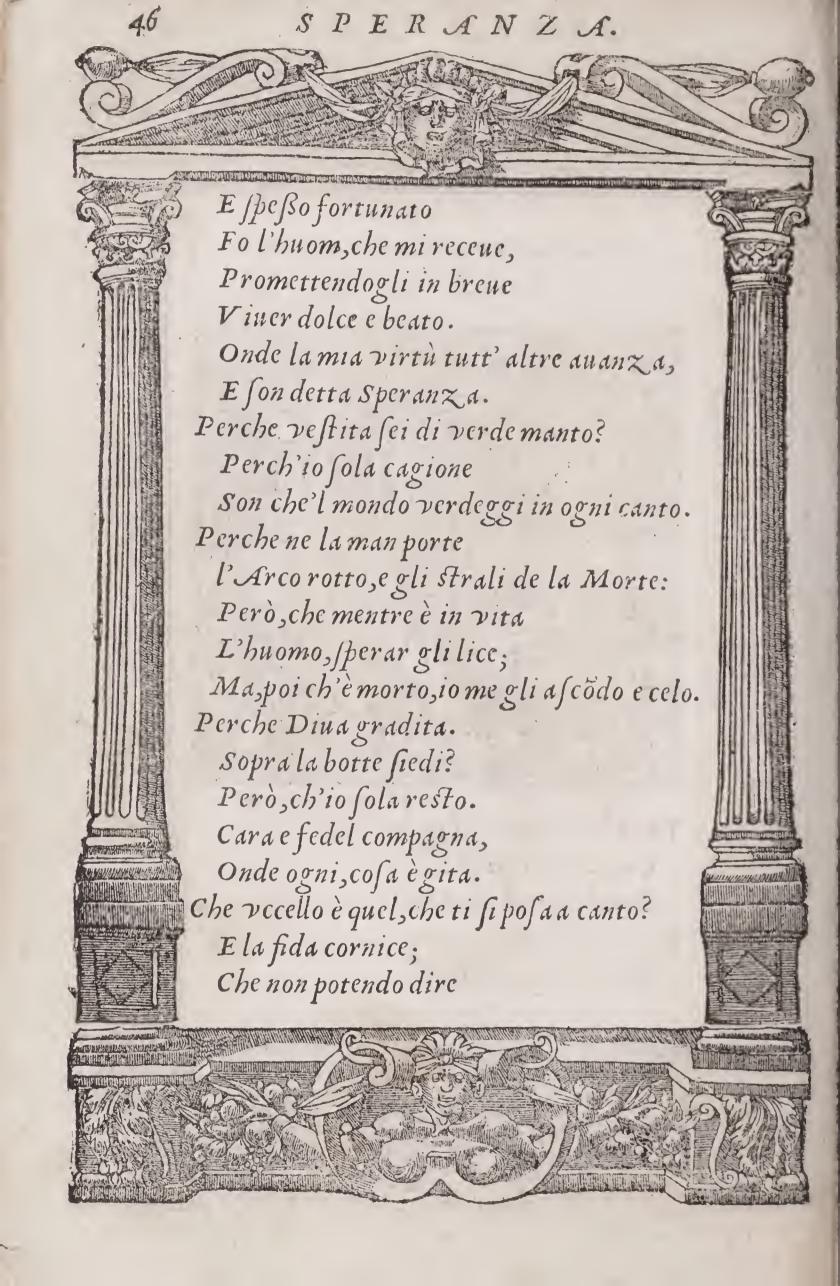




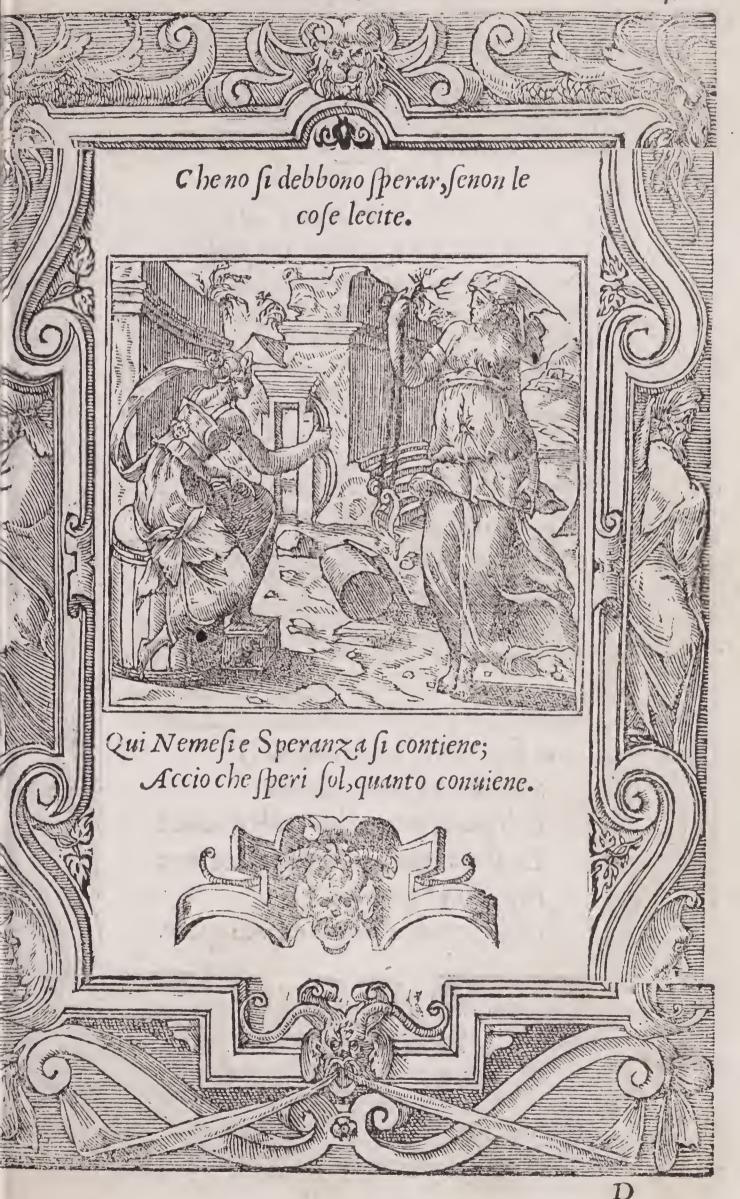








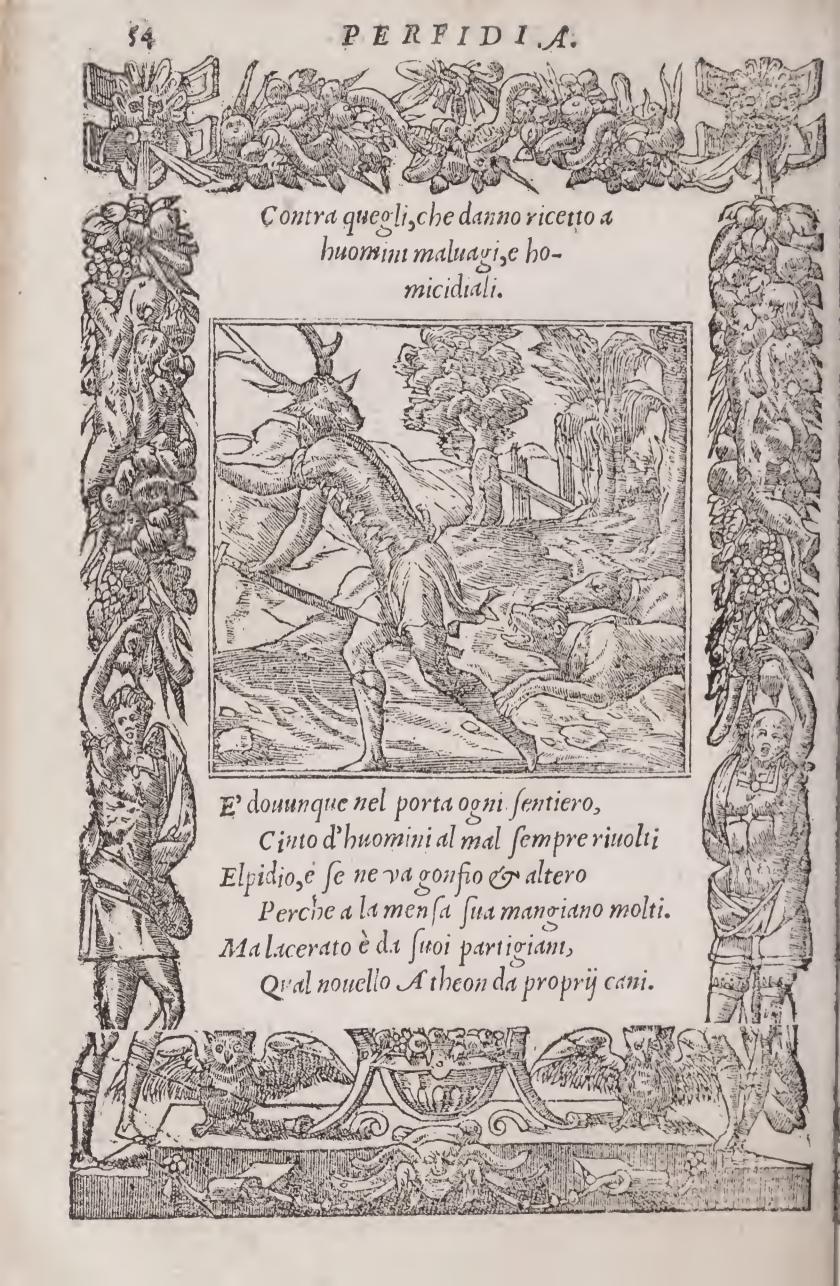


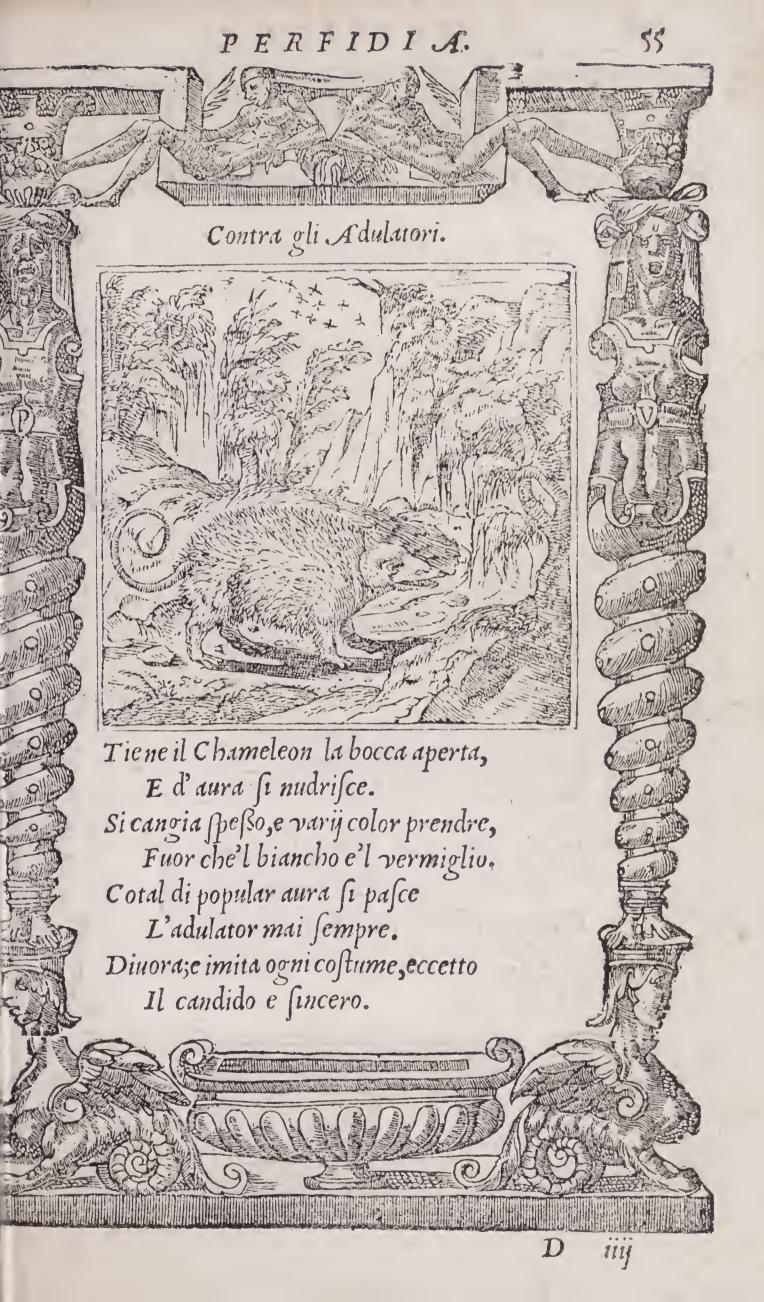


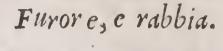
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Serbalo scudo in natural colore

La testa d'arrabiato empio leone,

E sopra quello di cotal tenore

Verso a legger a tutti si propone,

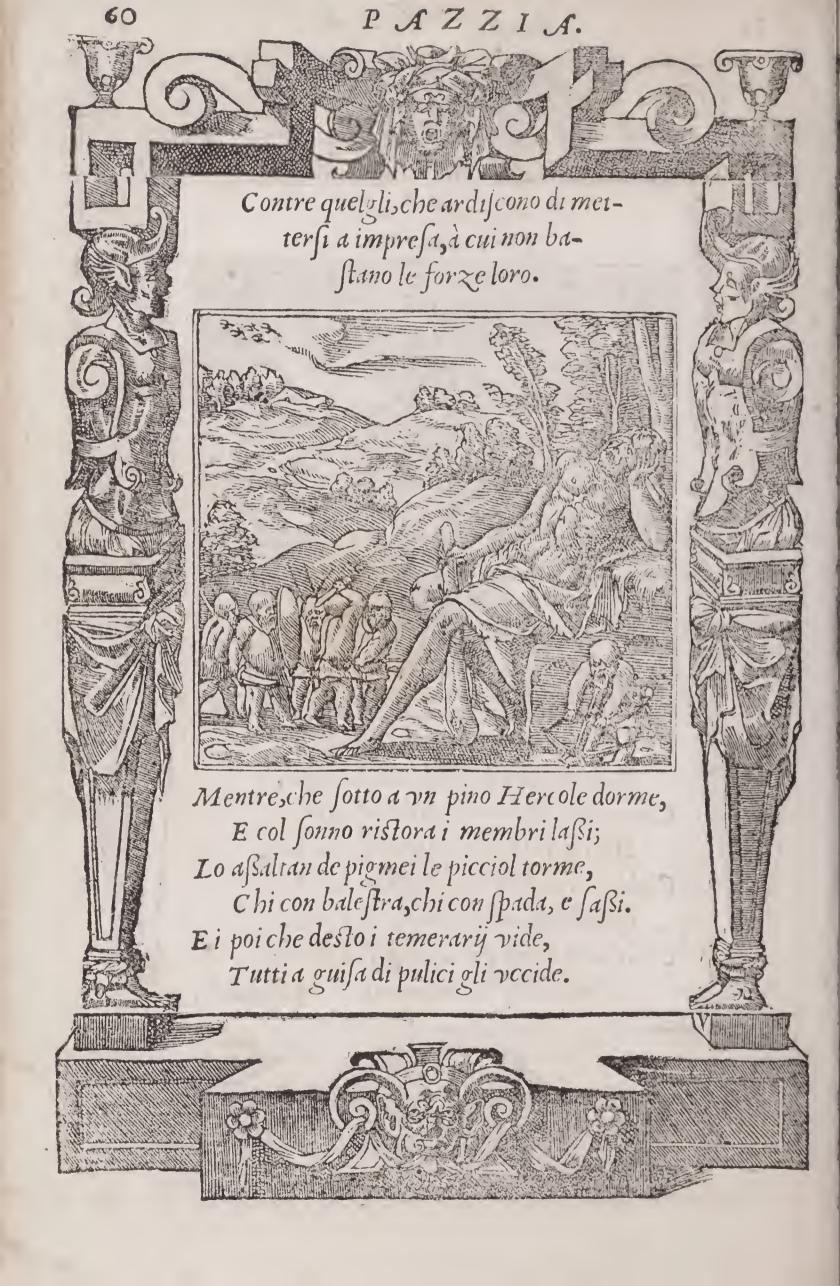
Il leon è de gli huomini terrore,

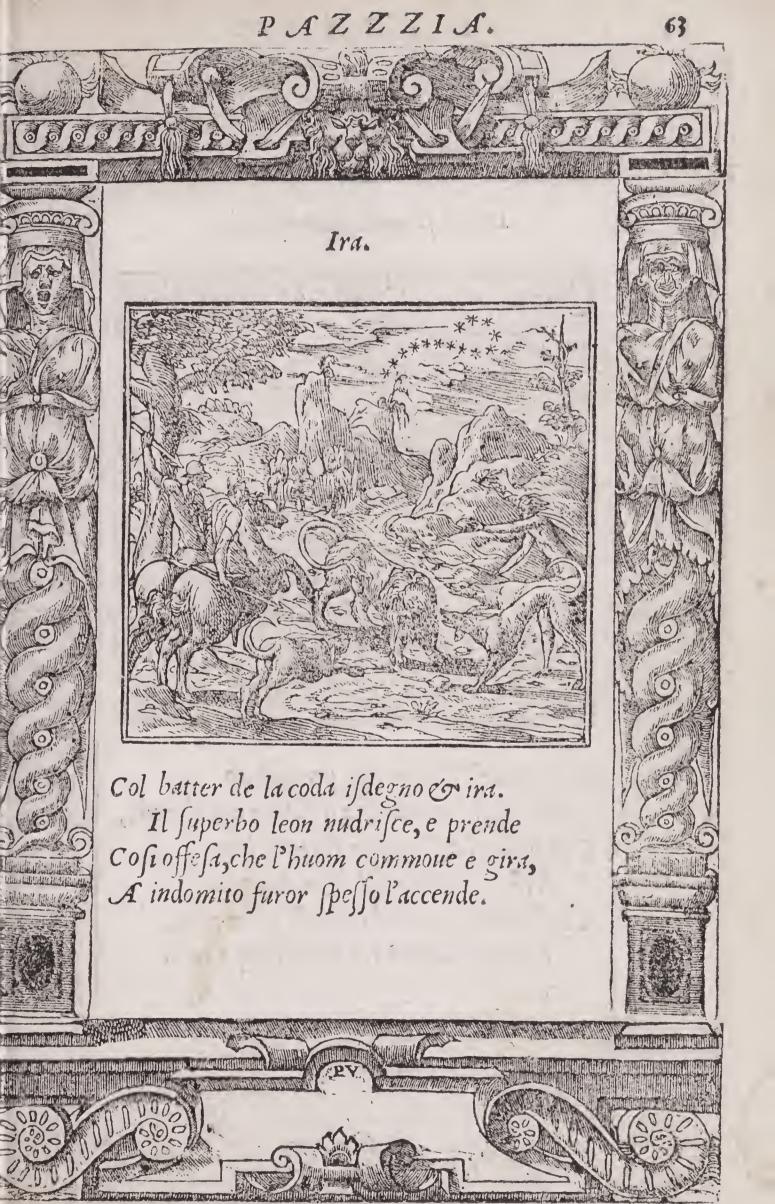
Onde vso questa insegna Agamennone;

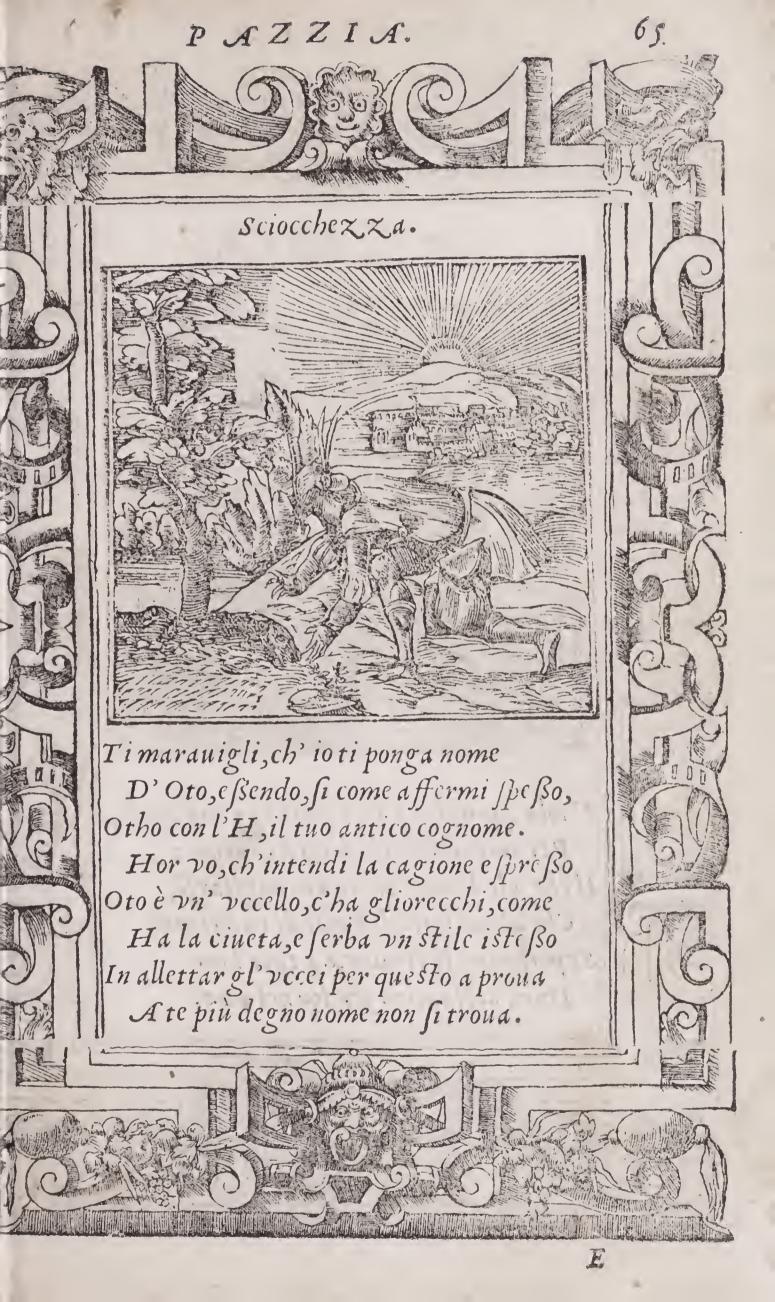
Forse di forza e di valor tremendo

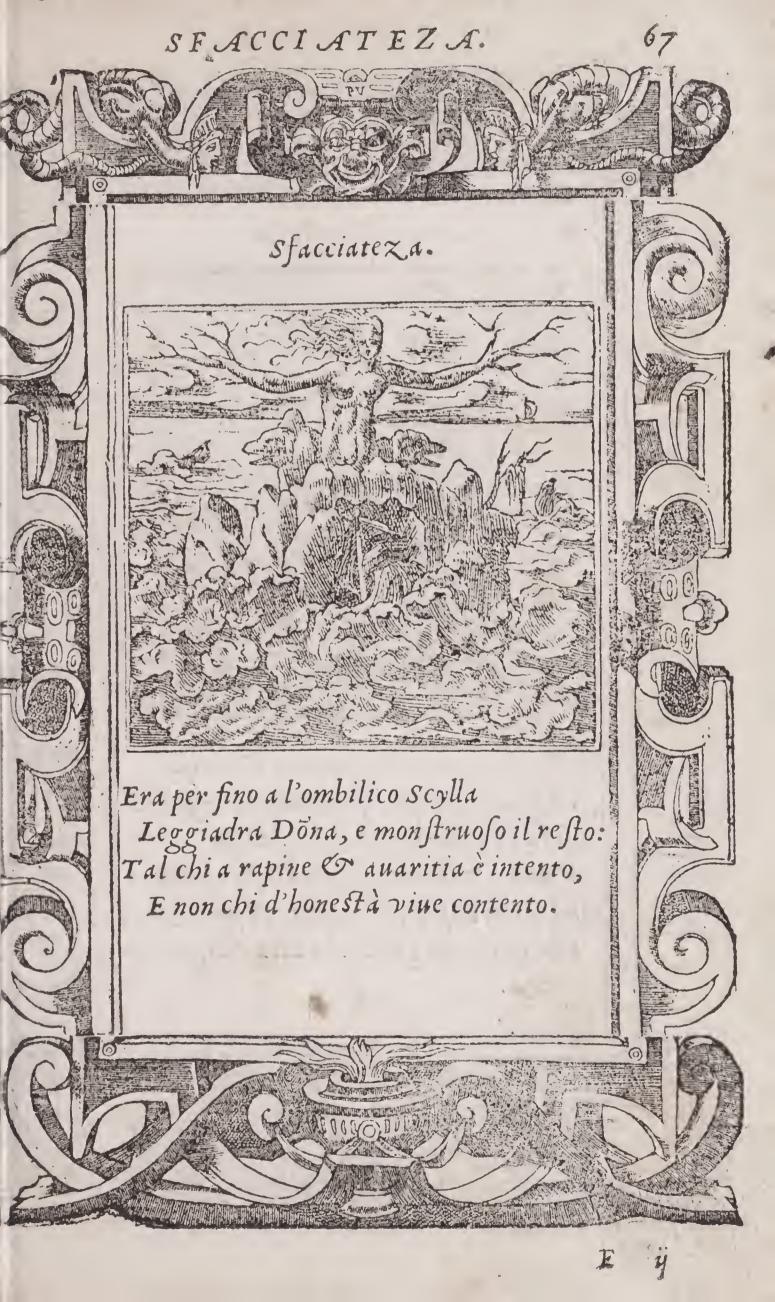
Sestesso a quello asamigliar volendo.

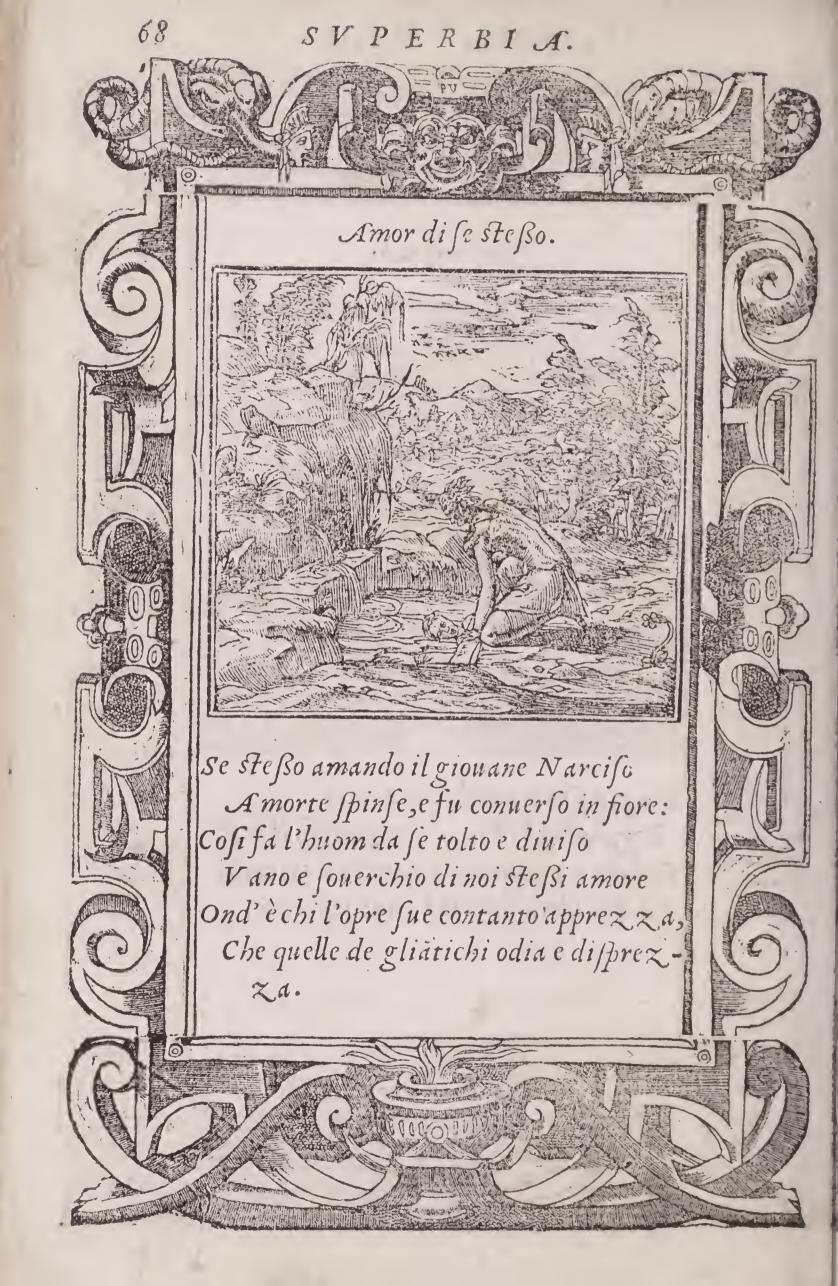










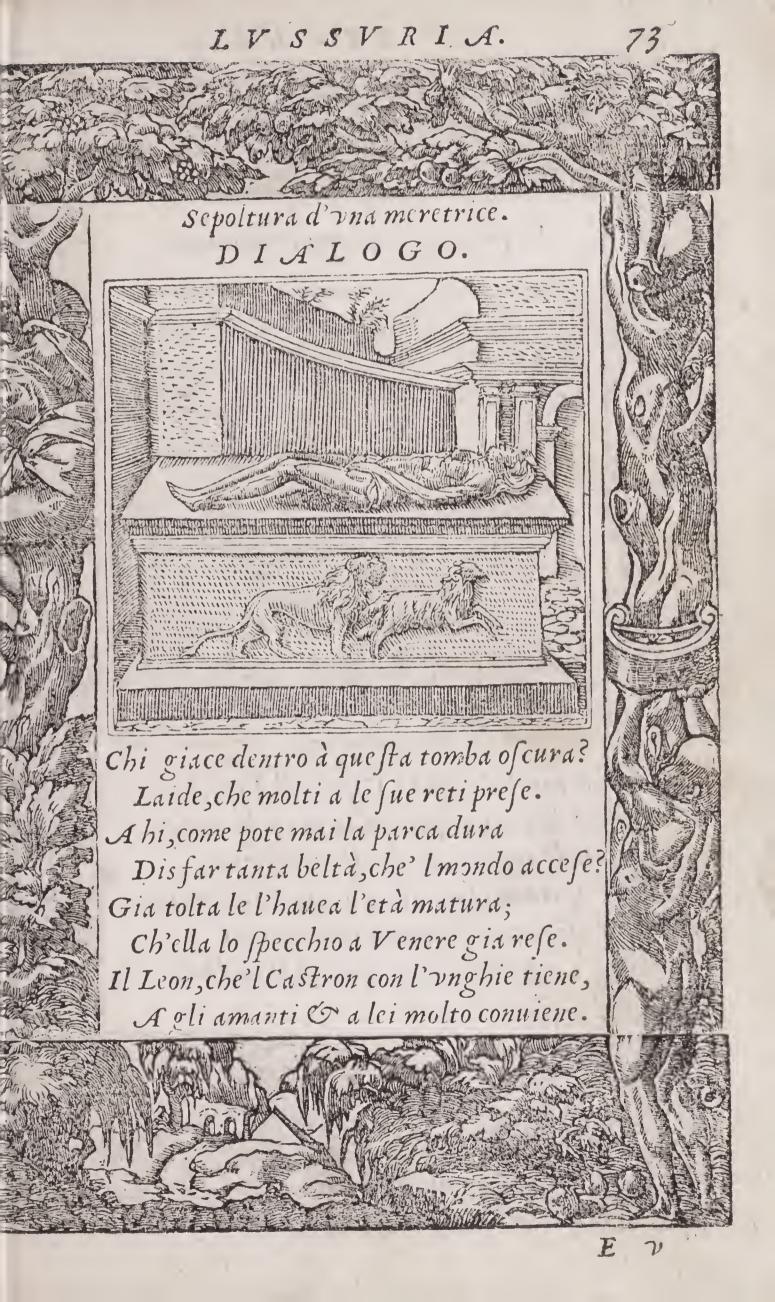




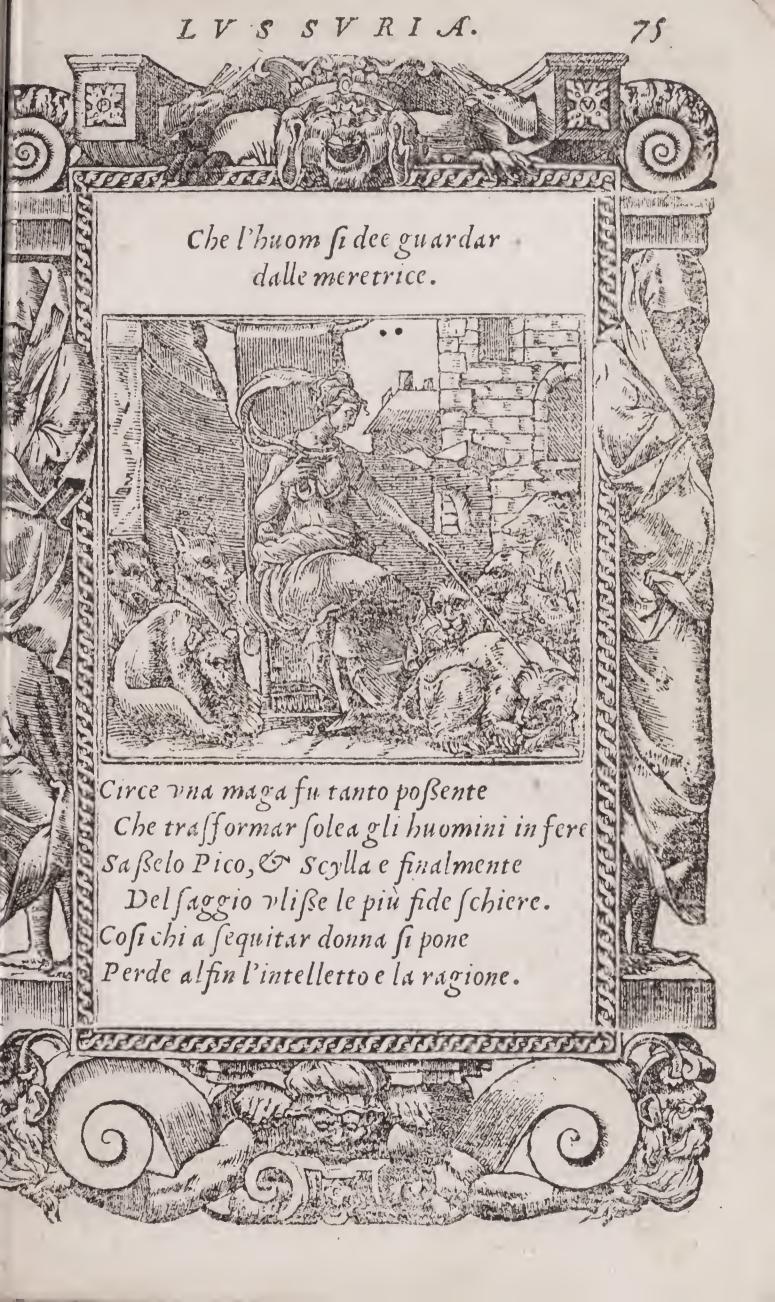




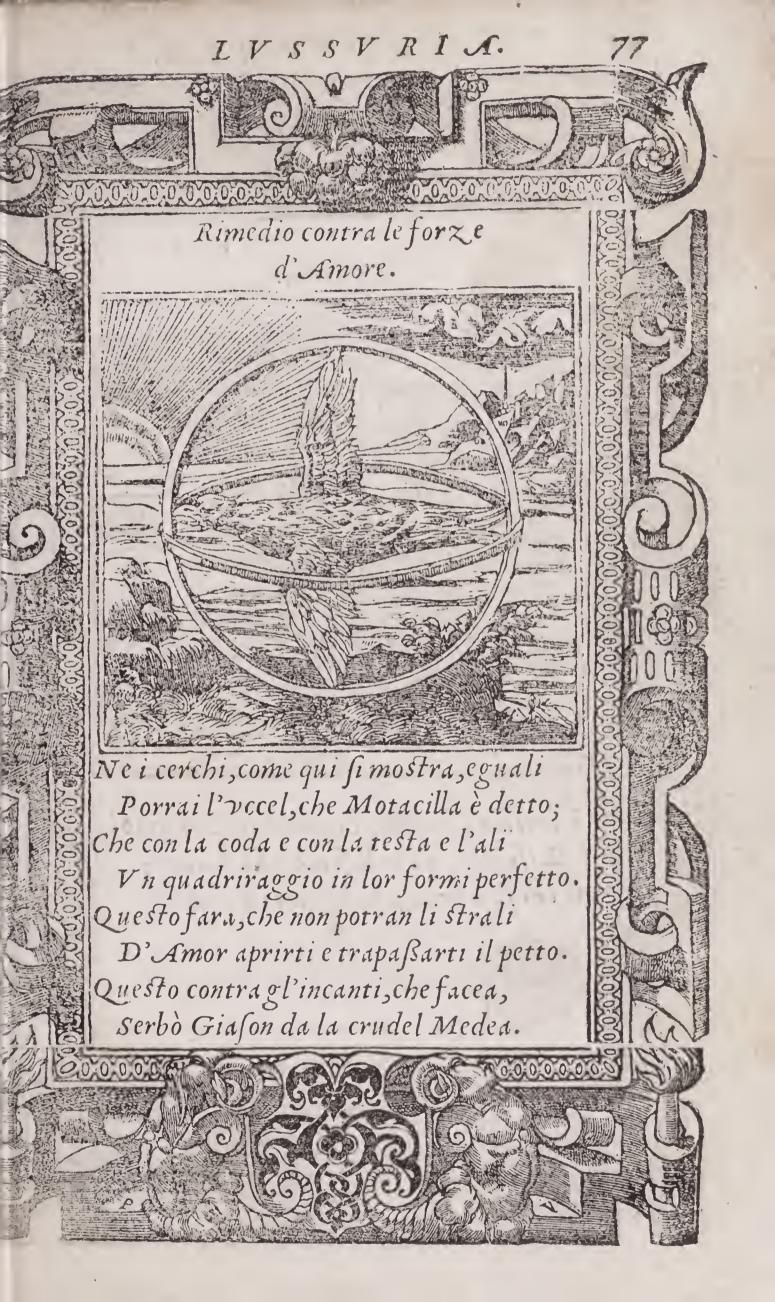


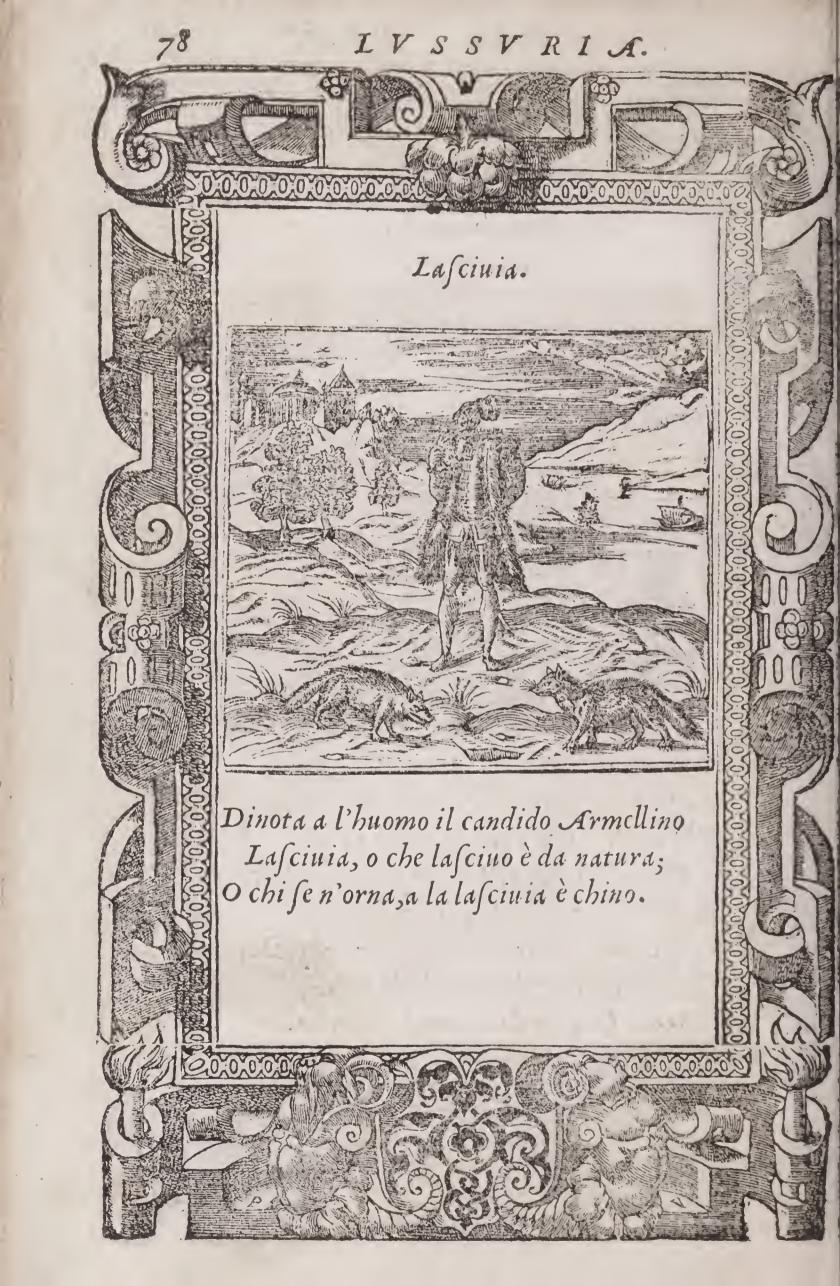






















Contra gli Auari.



L'huom, ch' amassa danari, & è si vile,

Che si pasce di rape, o cosa tale;

Ne mai per cangiar pelo cangia stile,

Ch' Auaritia maggior sempre l'assale;

E veramente a l'Asino simile,

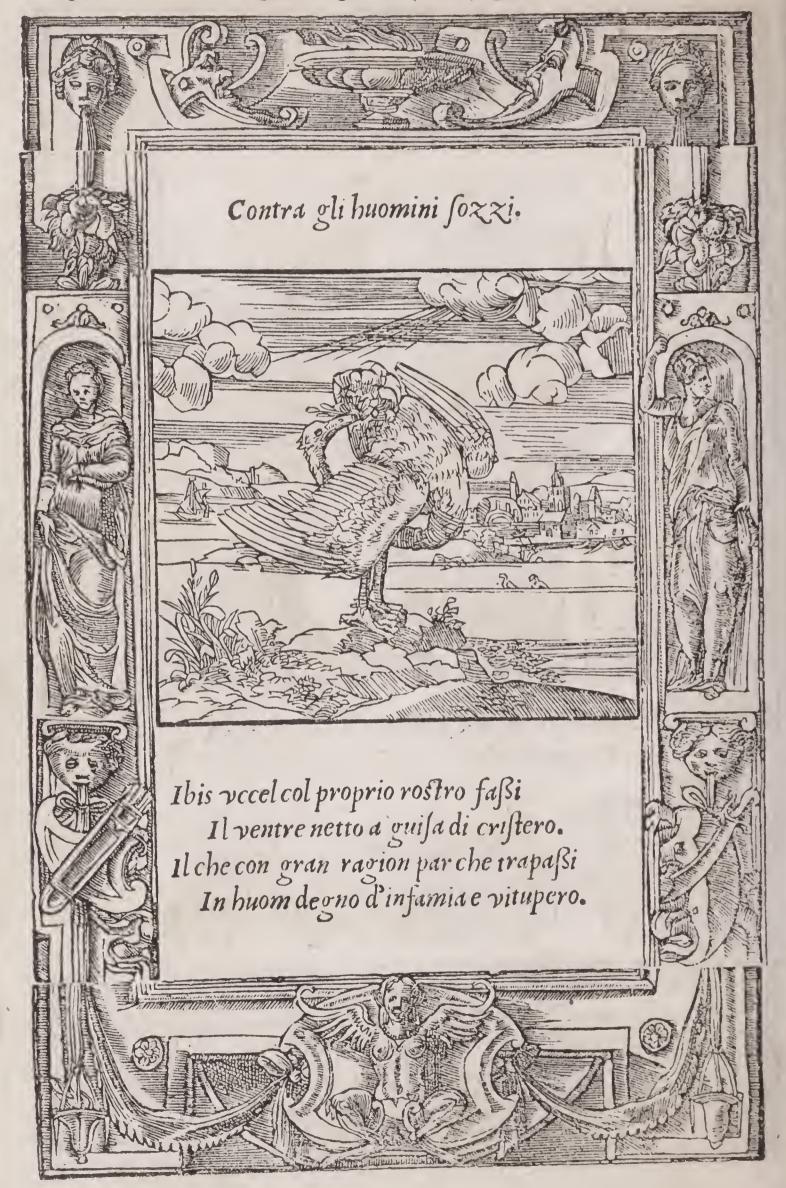
Che, quanto il peso, più, ch' ei porta, vale,

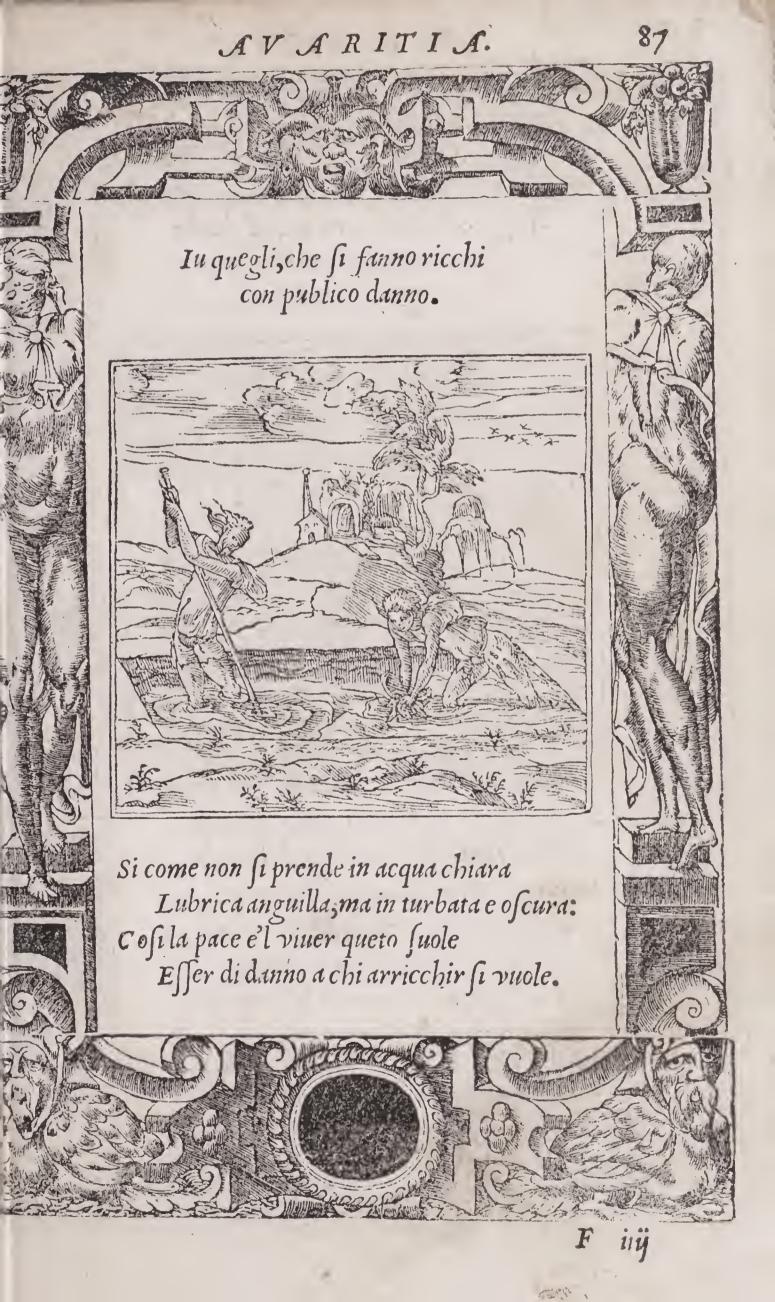
Ei men l'assaggia: e per viuanda cara

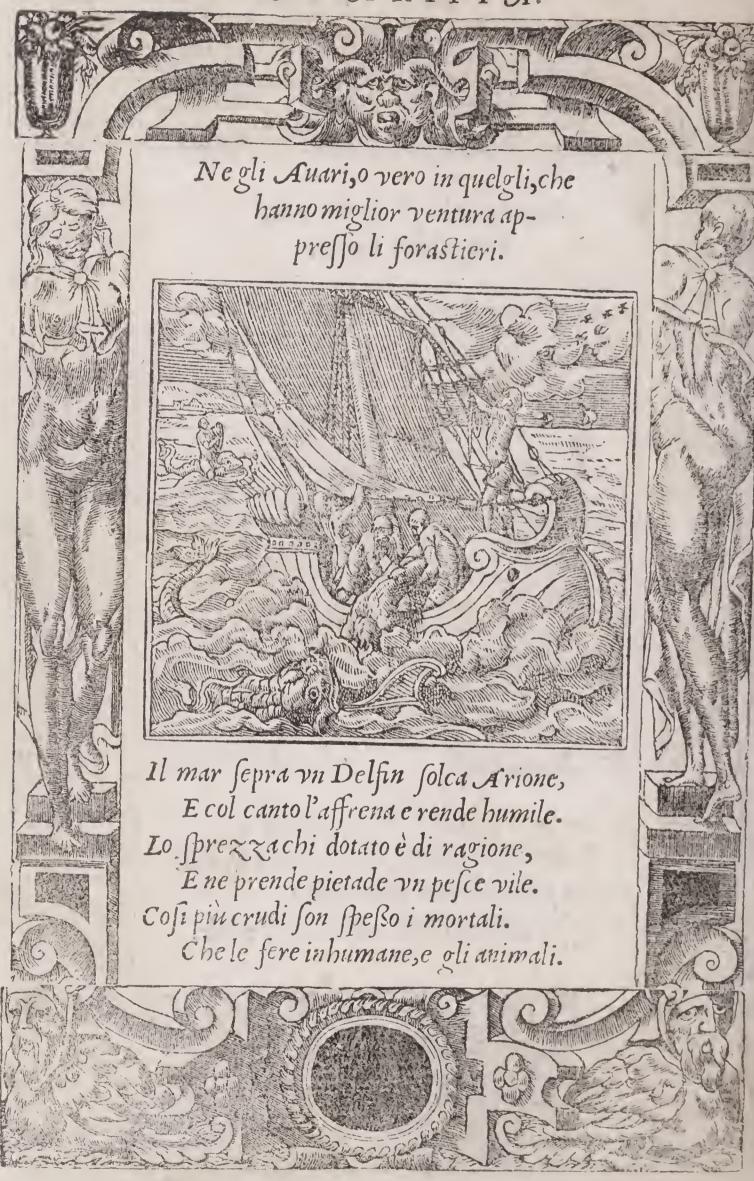
Sol si pasce di spini, e d'herba amara.





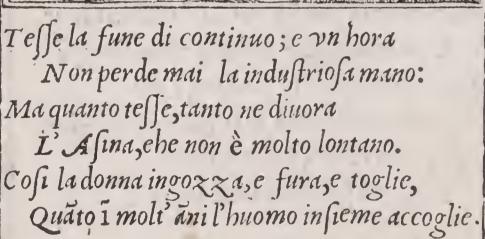




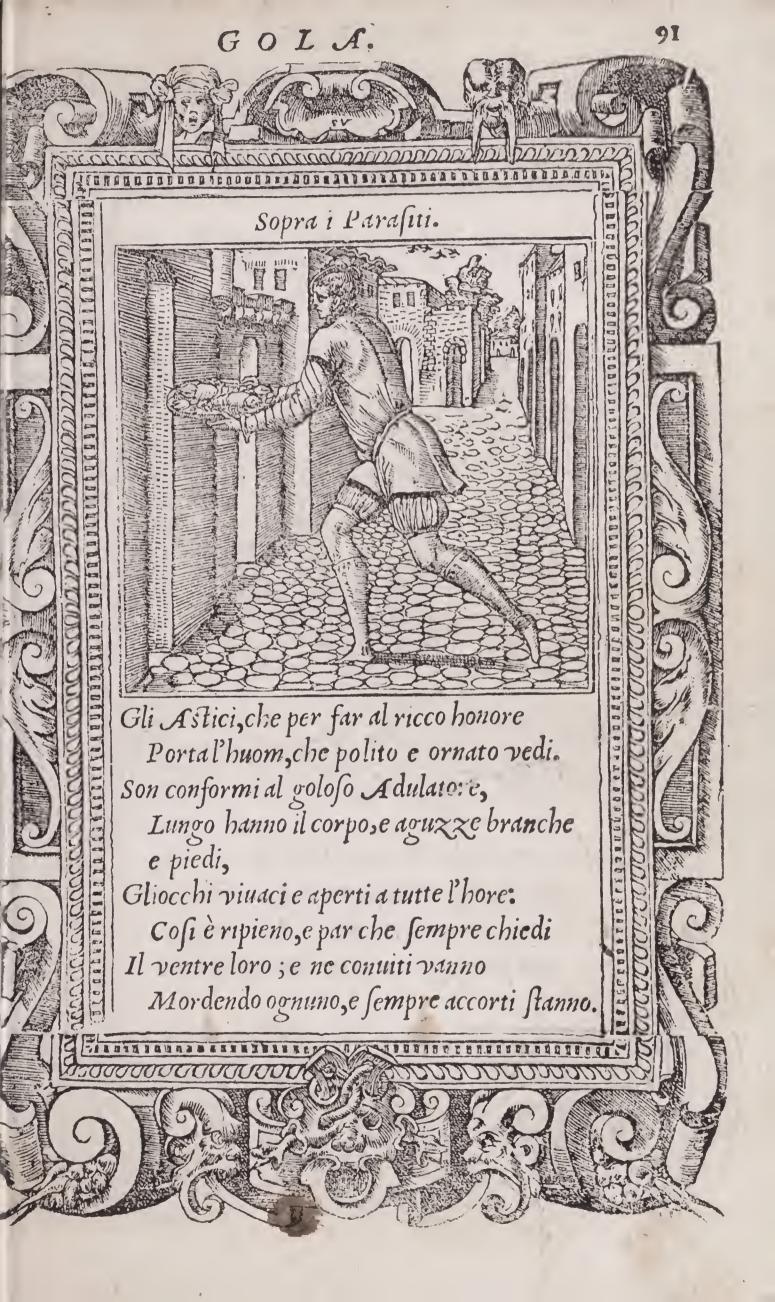




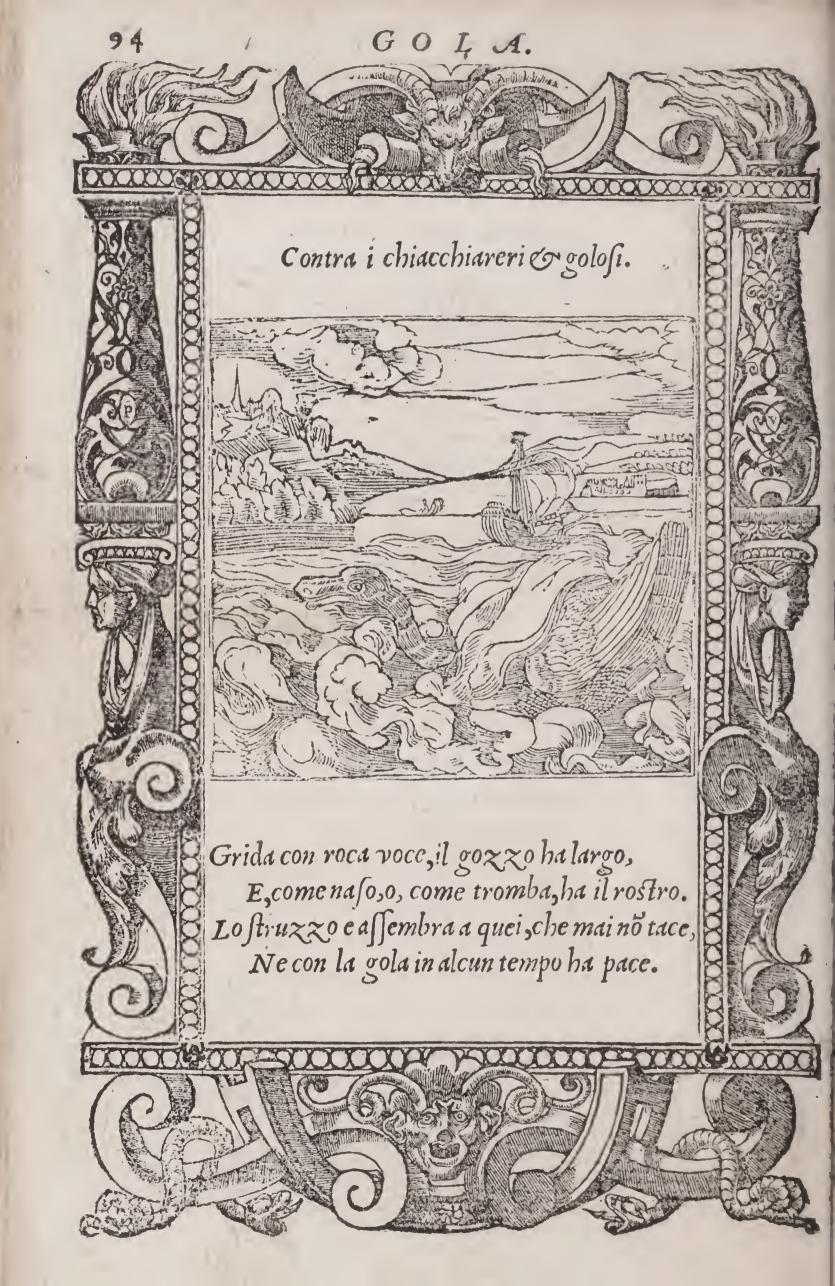
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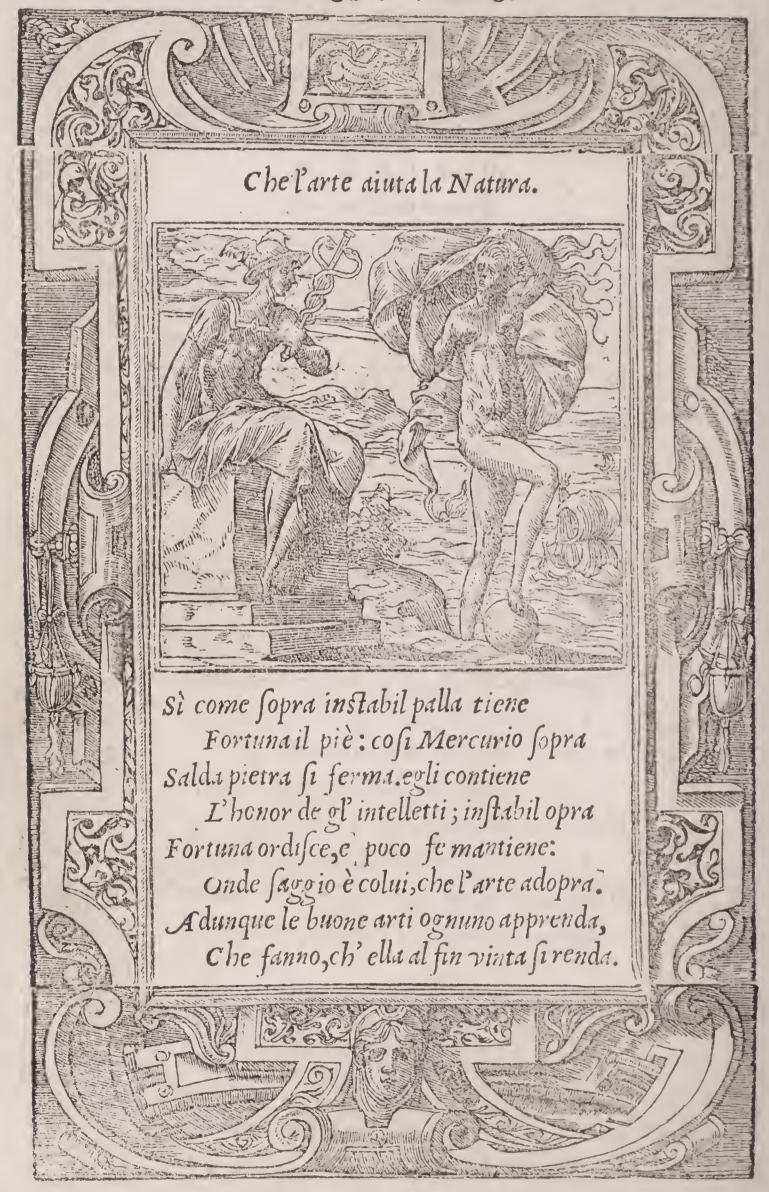


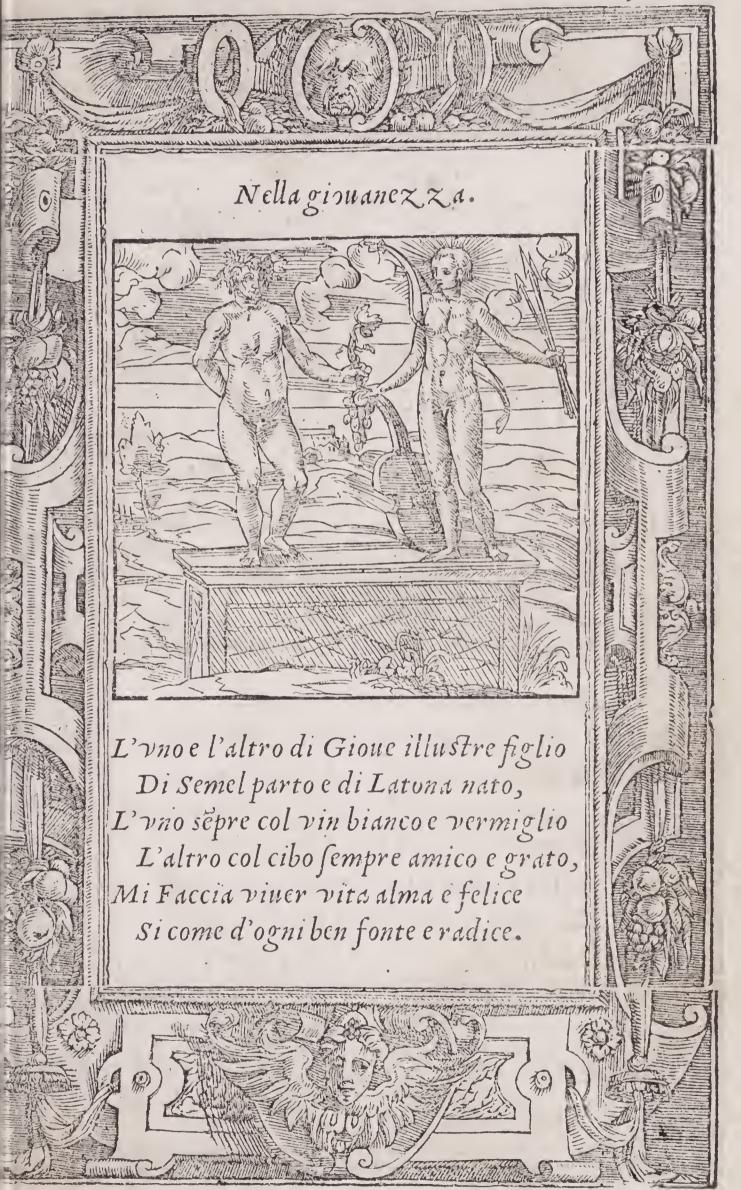












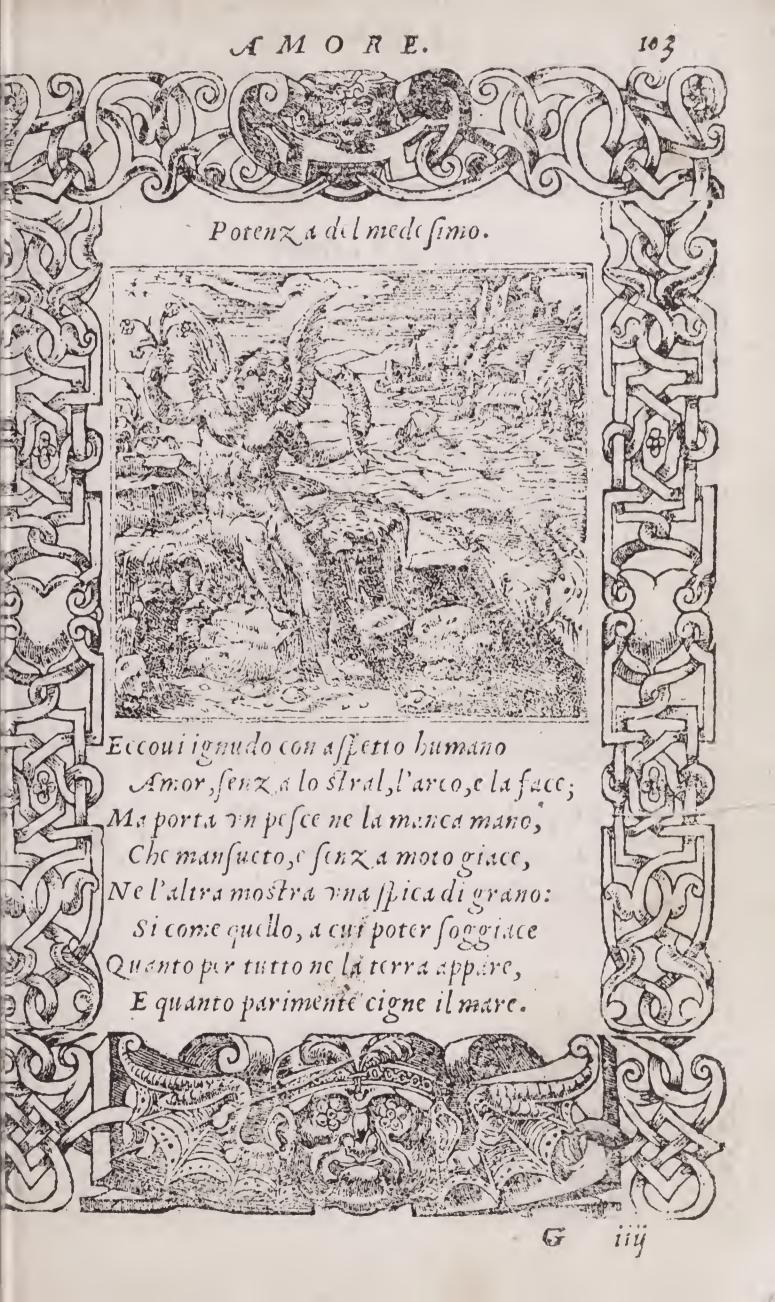


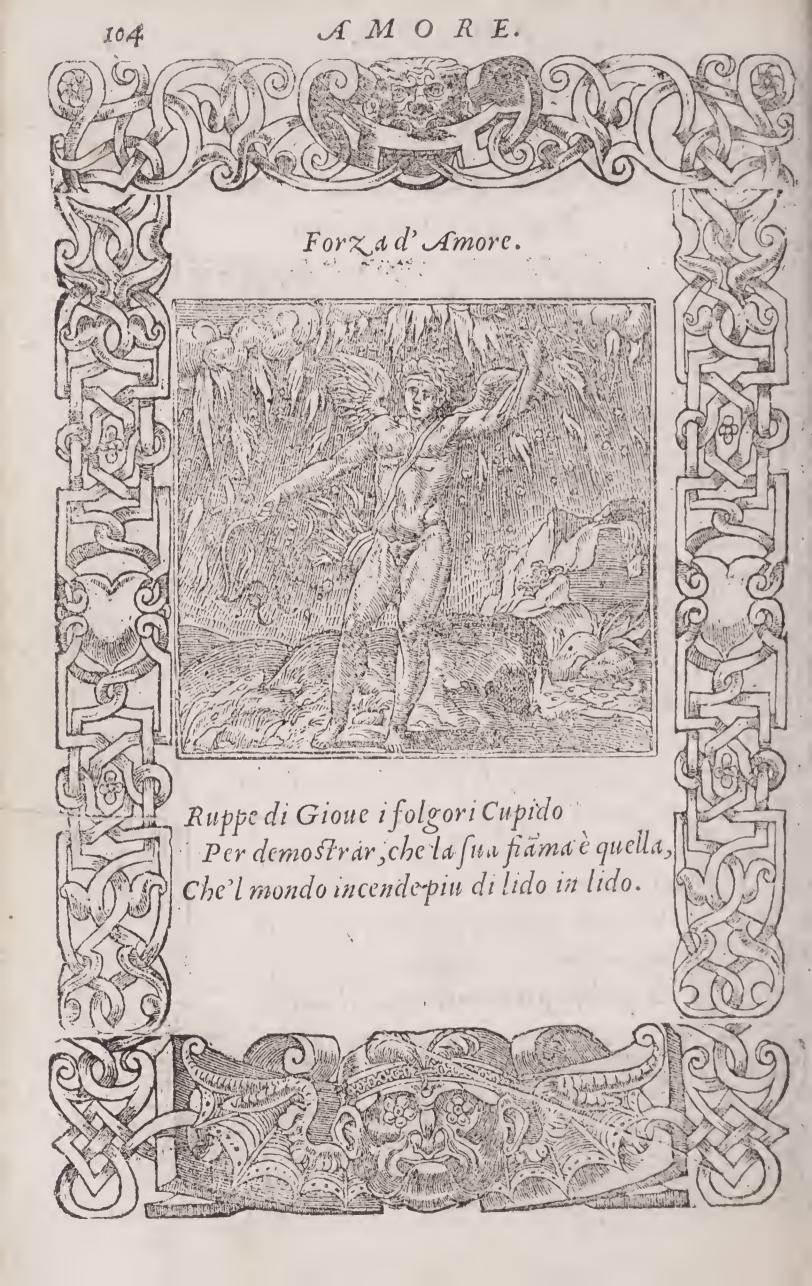














Nello studioso preso d' Amore.

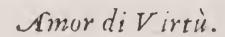


Il leggista, che sempre haueua il core In vary studi inuolto; Hor tutto è dato in seruitù d'Amore; Ne difender si puo poco ne molto. Cosi V enere appresso ogni intelletto Pallade vince, e'l mondo fa soggetto.







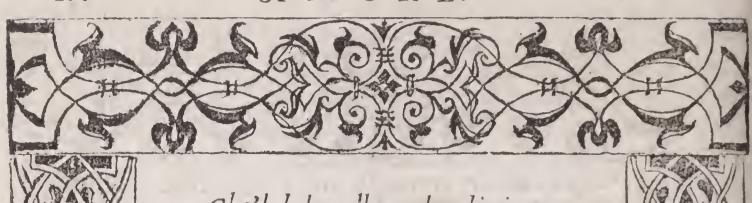




Qui senza strali e senza face Amore
E senz'arco, e sez'ali, e'n volto humano
Mostra, che non è quel ch'arde ogni core,
Che fu figlio di Marte e di Vulcano:
Ma solo infiamma gli huomini d'honore,
E tre Corone ha ne la destra mano
Pur di virtude: e quella, che la testa
Gliorna, Philosophia gli dona e presta.





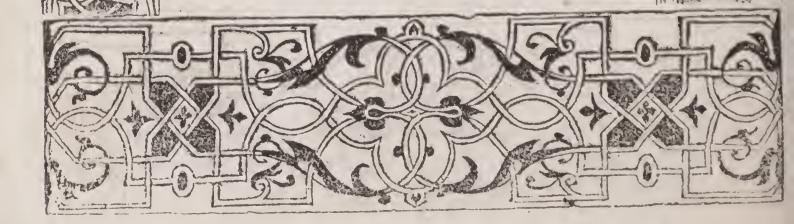


Che'l dolce alle volte diviene.

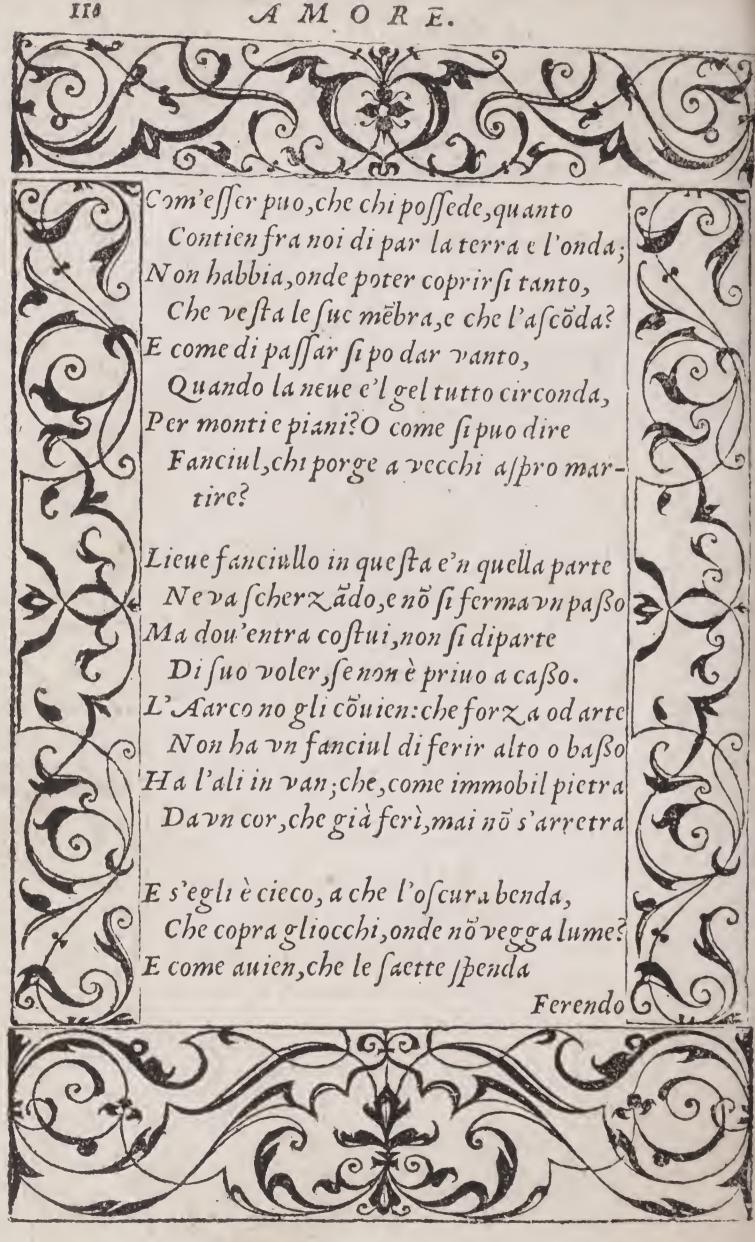
Amaro.

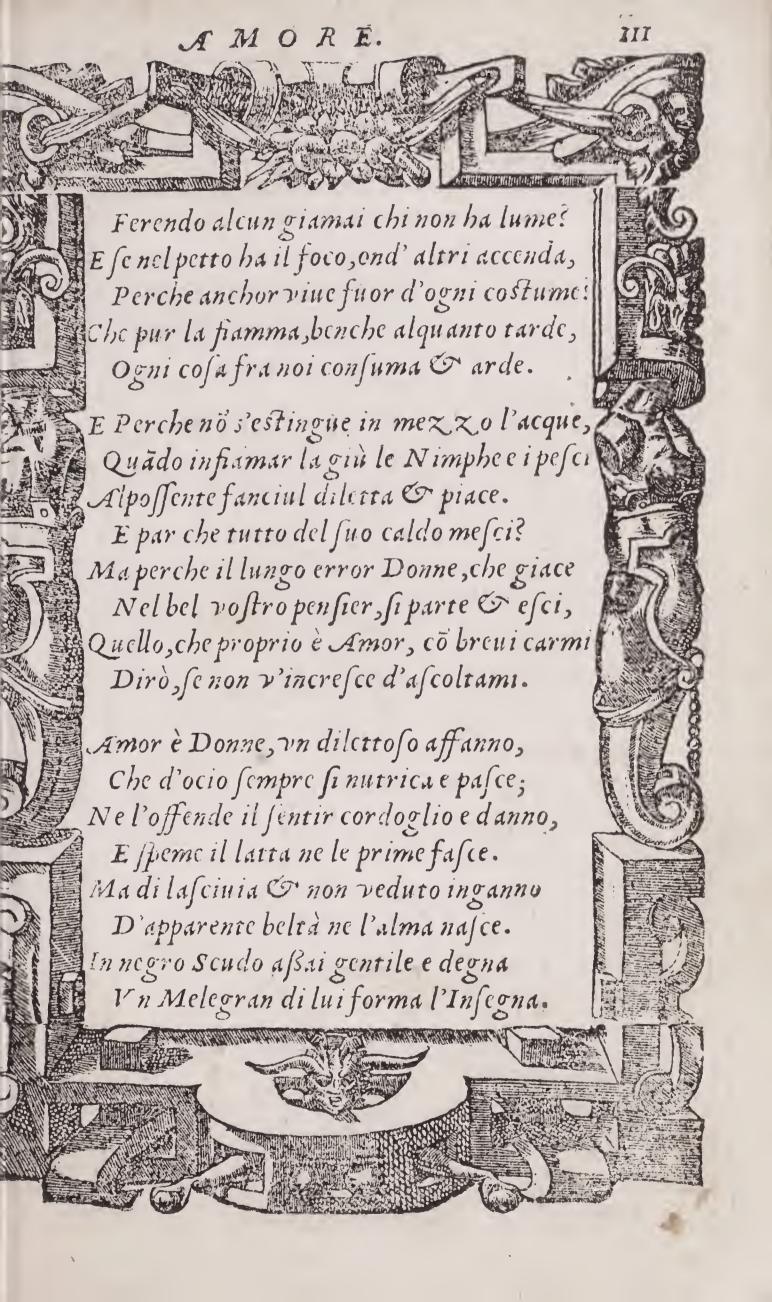


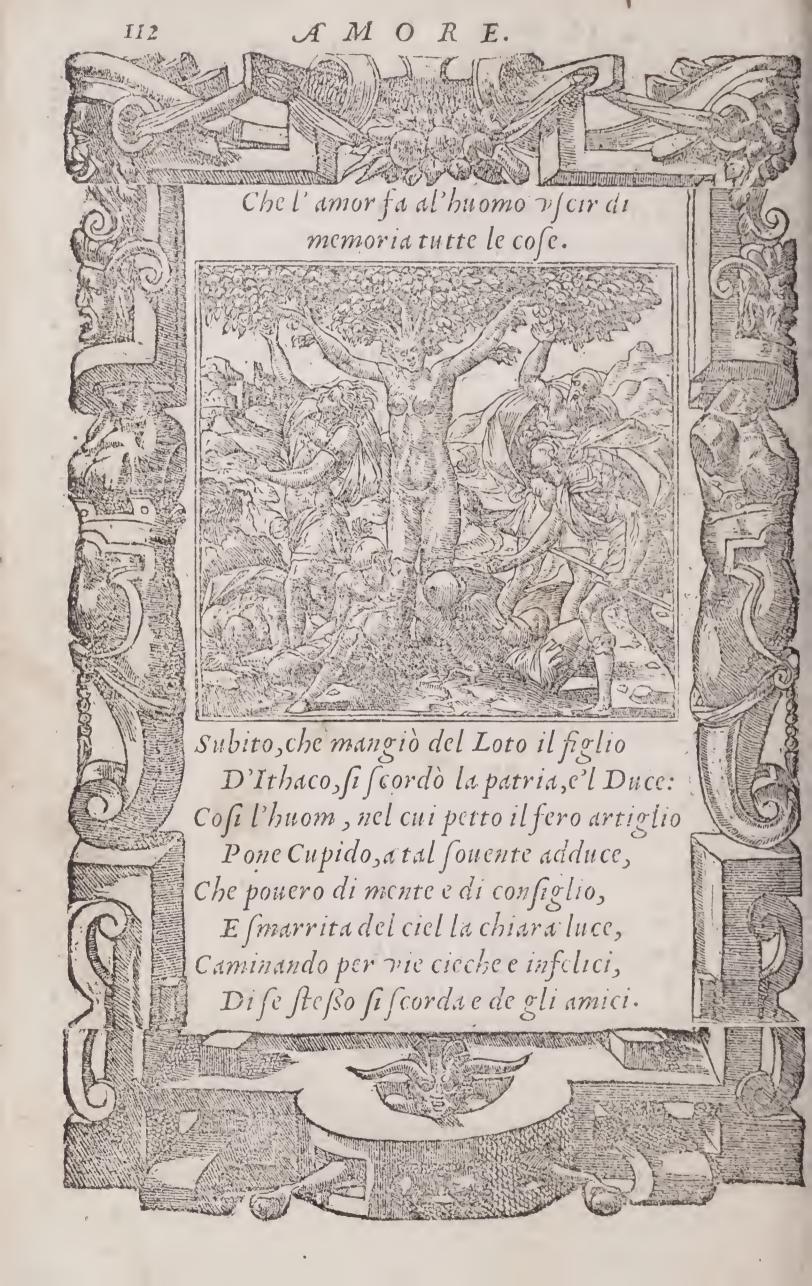
Lunge a la madre il pargoletto Amore Fura del mele, onde lo punse yn' Ape. Così amaro dolor stringe & afferra Colui, che di dolcezza empie la terra,



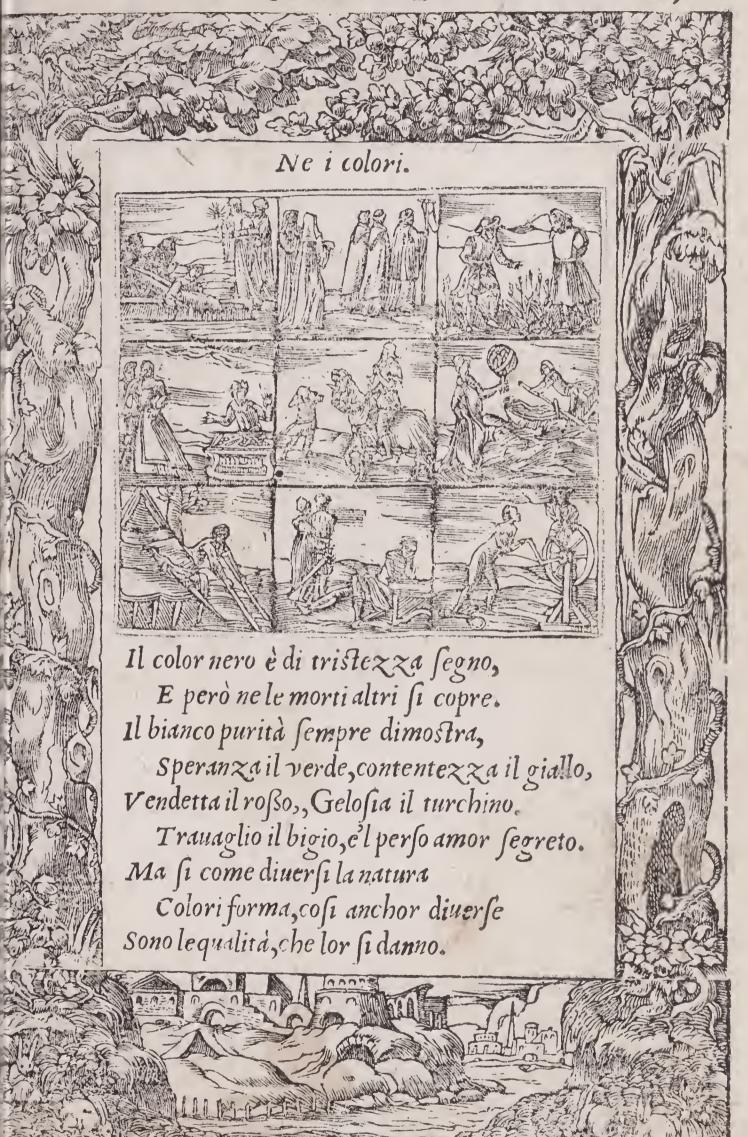


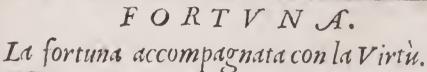


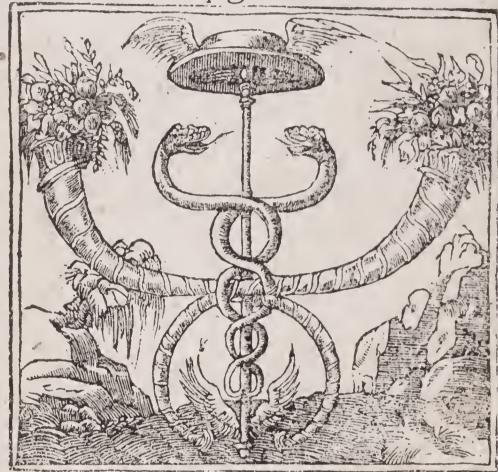






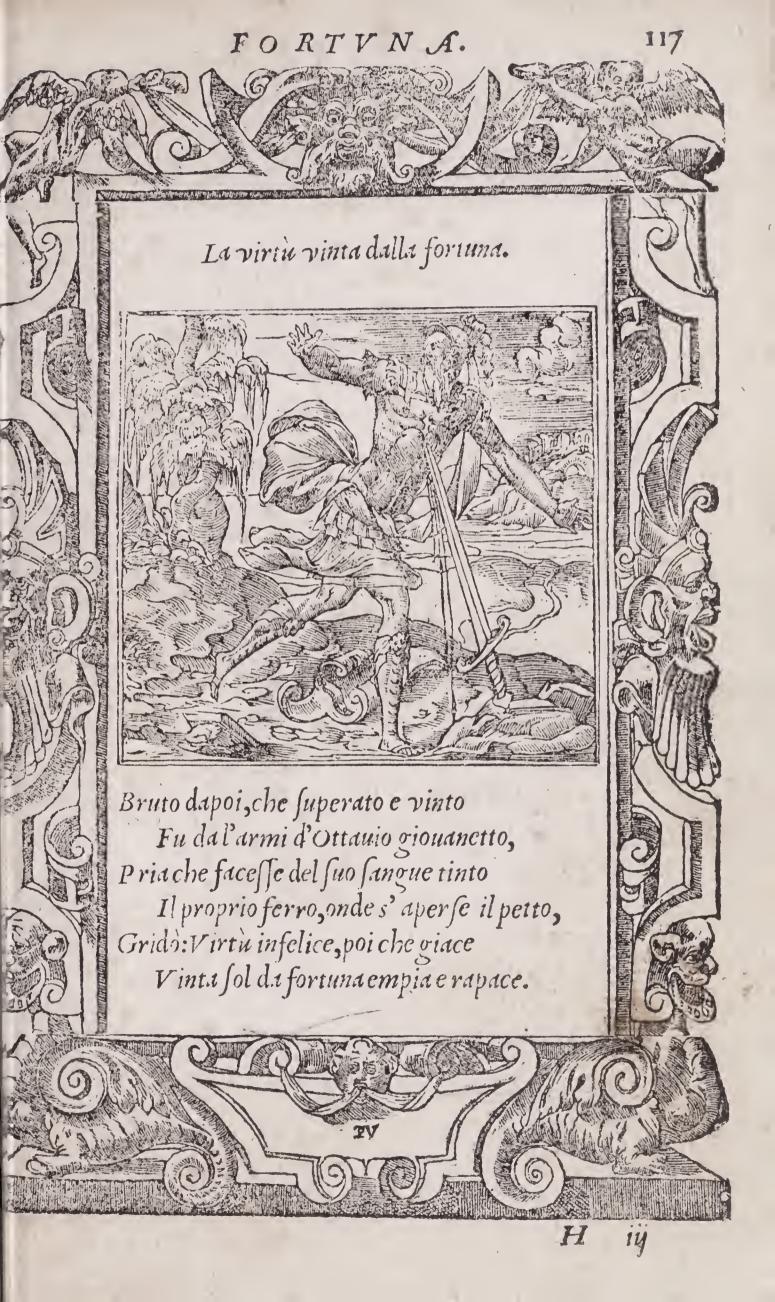


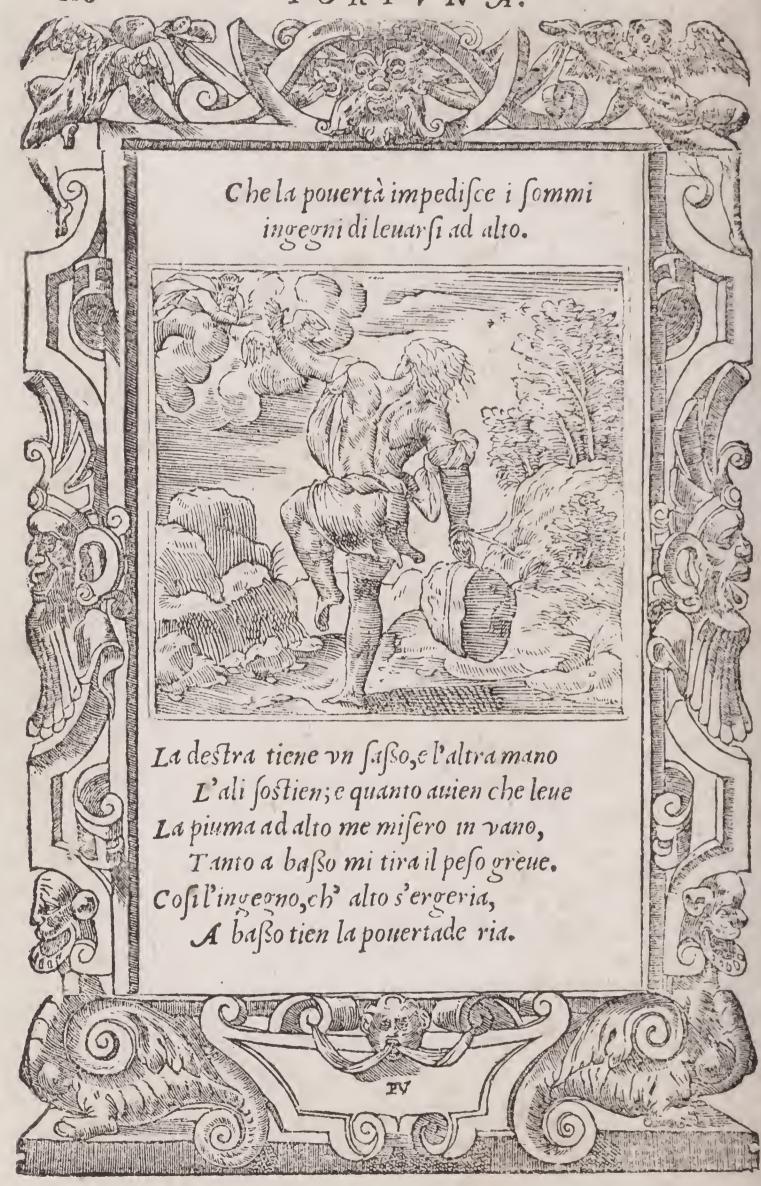


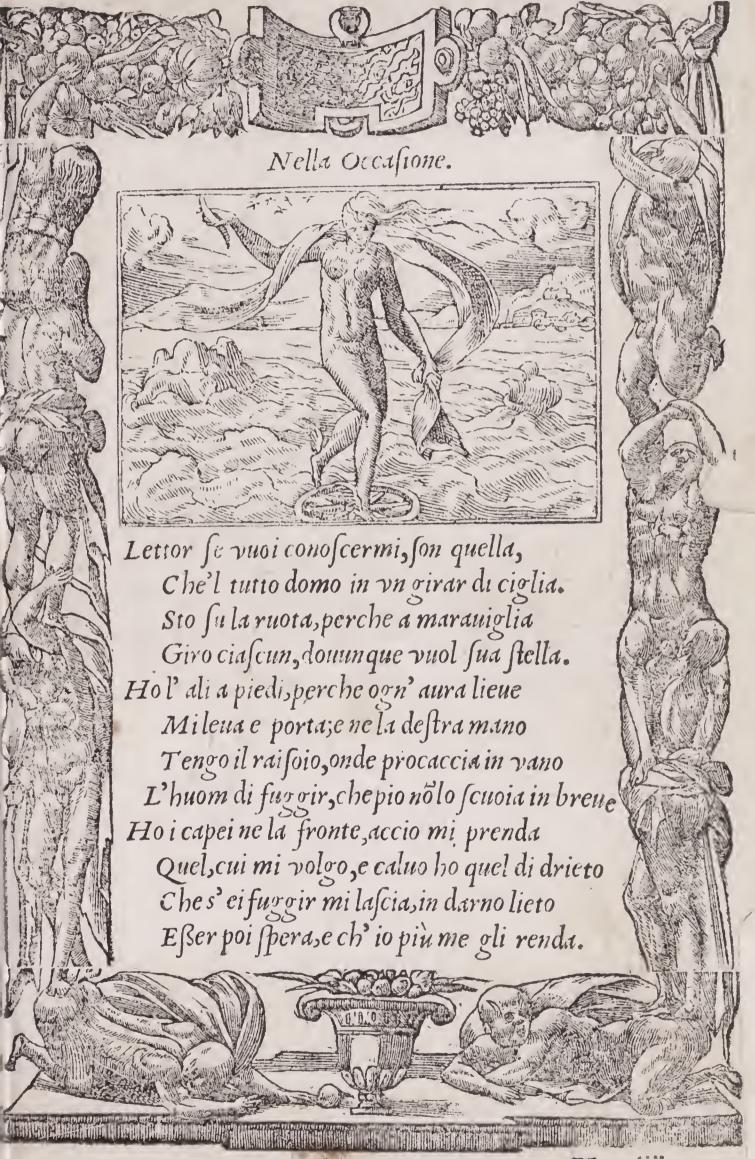


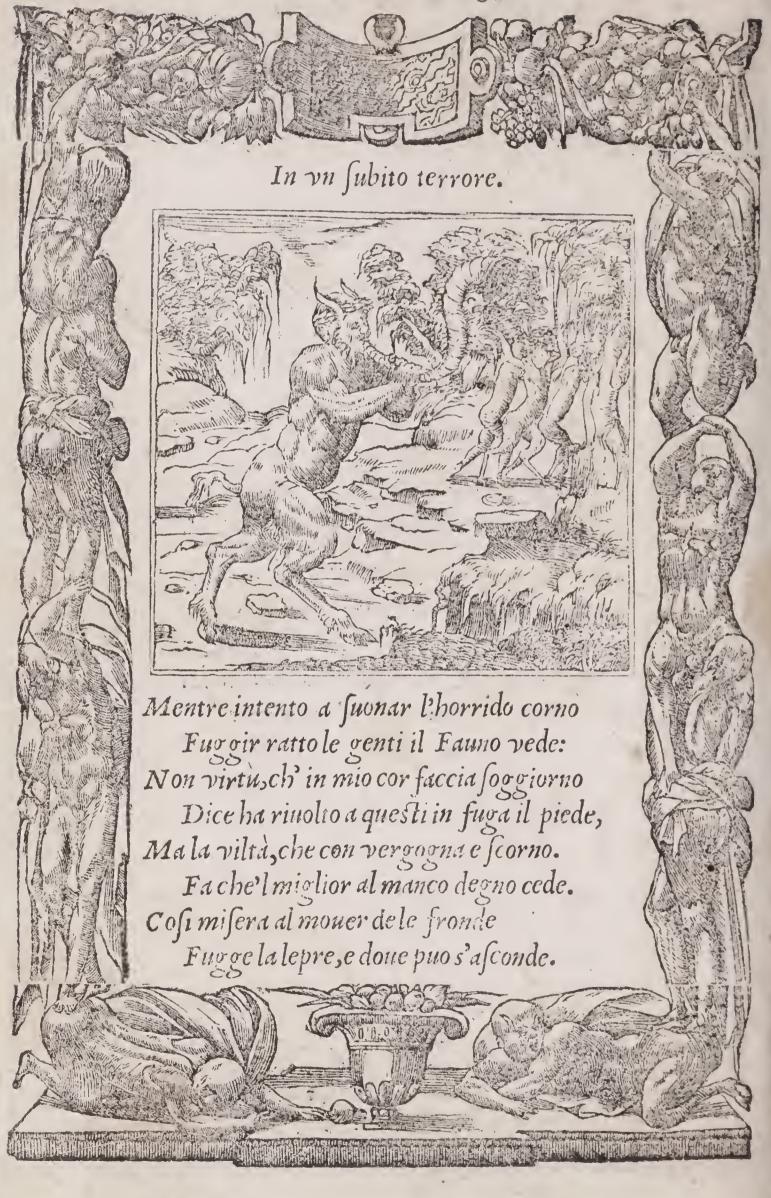
Qui fra due Serpi l' vno a l'altro inuolto
E'l caduceo con l'ali; e euui in torno
L'vn Corno e l'altro, ch' a la Capra tolto
Fu già di Gioue ogn' vn di frutti adorno.
Cosi l'huom saggio, e a la eloquenza volto
Ha la copia, che fa seco soggiorno:
E doue molti pouertà circonda,
Ei sempre gode, e d'ogni tempo abonda.





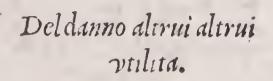












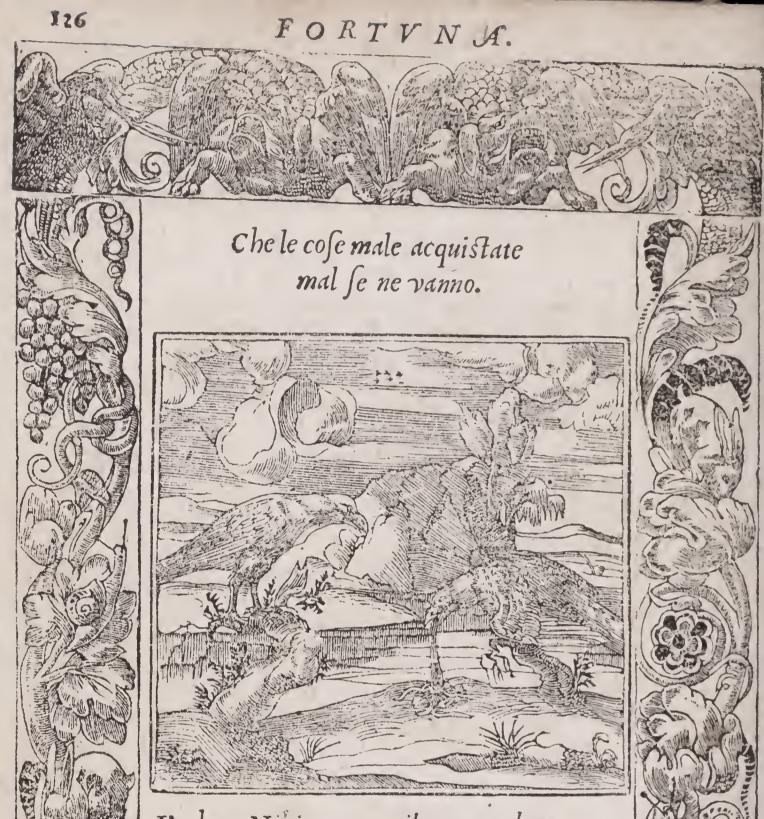


Il leon, e'l cinghiale a stretta guerra
Venner, con l'vnghia l'vn, l'altro col dente:
Soprauien, mira, e ben sa l'auoltore.
Ch' a se sia preda, e gloria al vincitore,

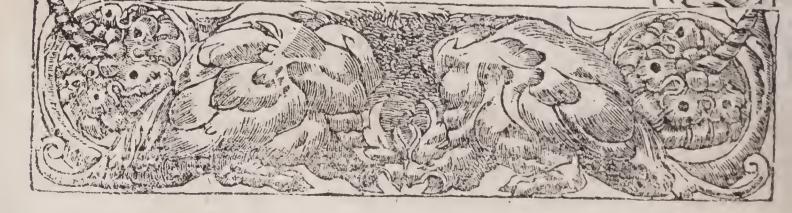






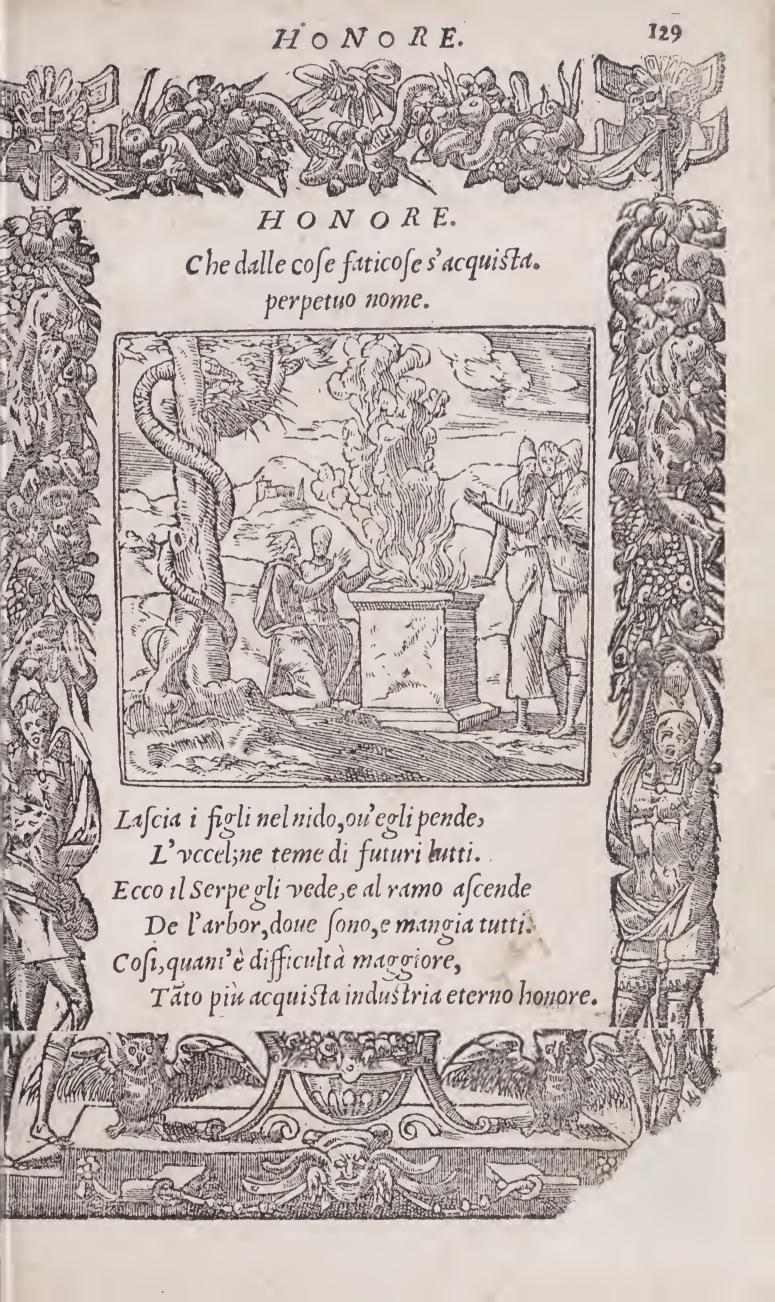


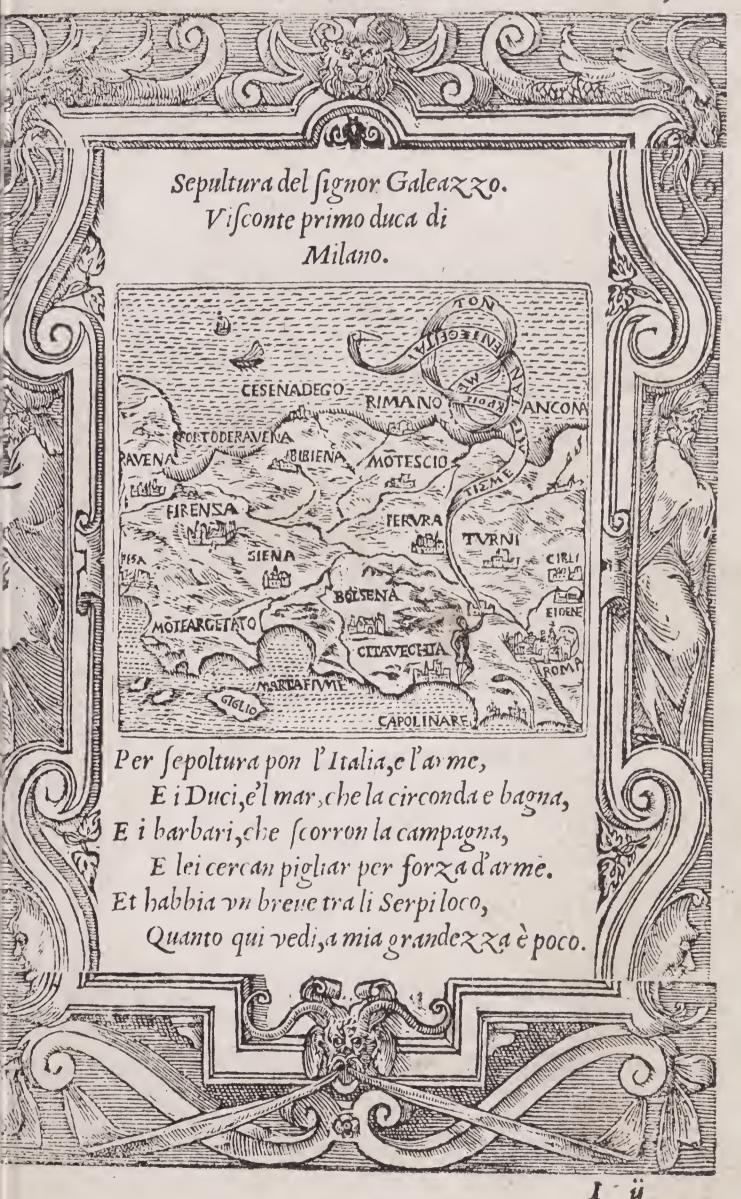
L'edace Nibio, mentre il troppo cibo
Rece, dice a la madre, oime che fuori
M'escon l'interiora: Cella, figlio
Non pensar che sia tuo ciò che furato
Hai de l'altrui, onde con fiere tempre
Il ventre t'empi, e ti satolli sempre.

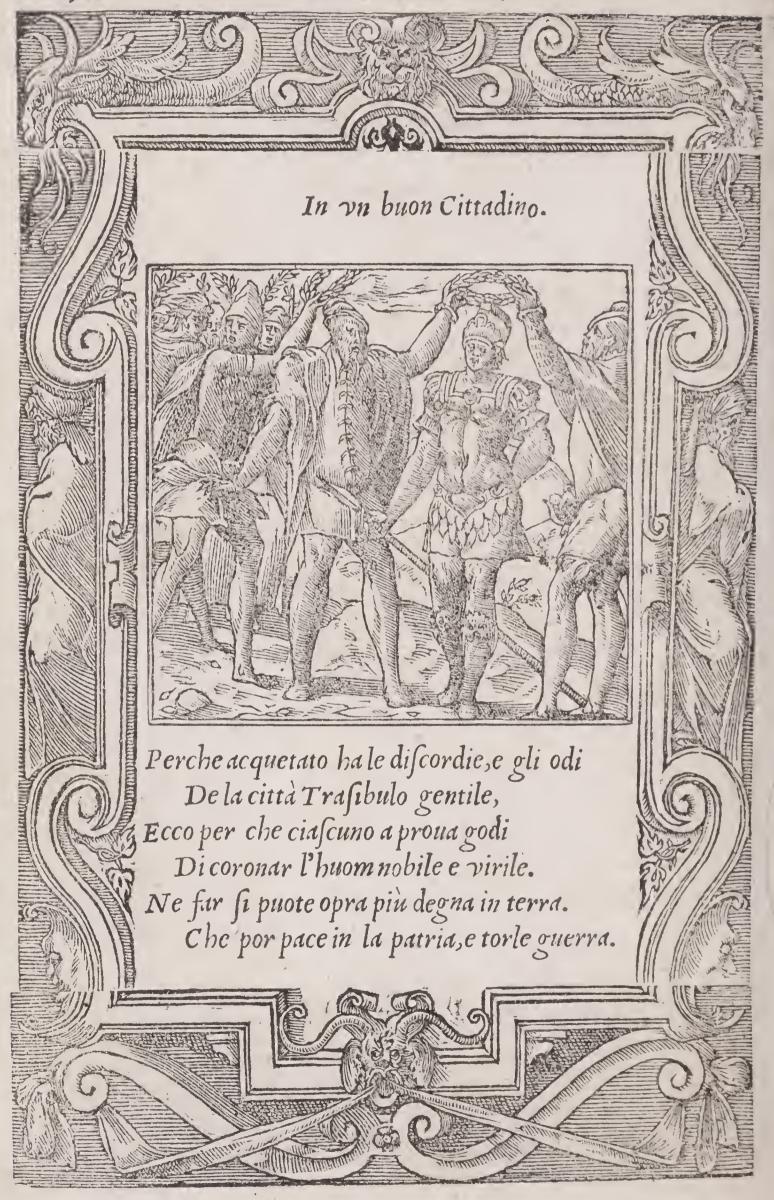


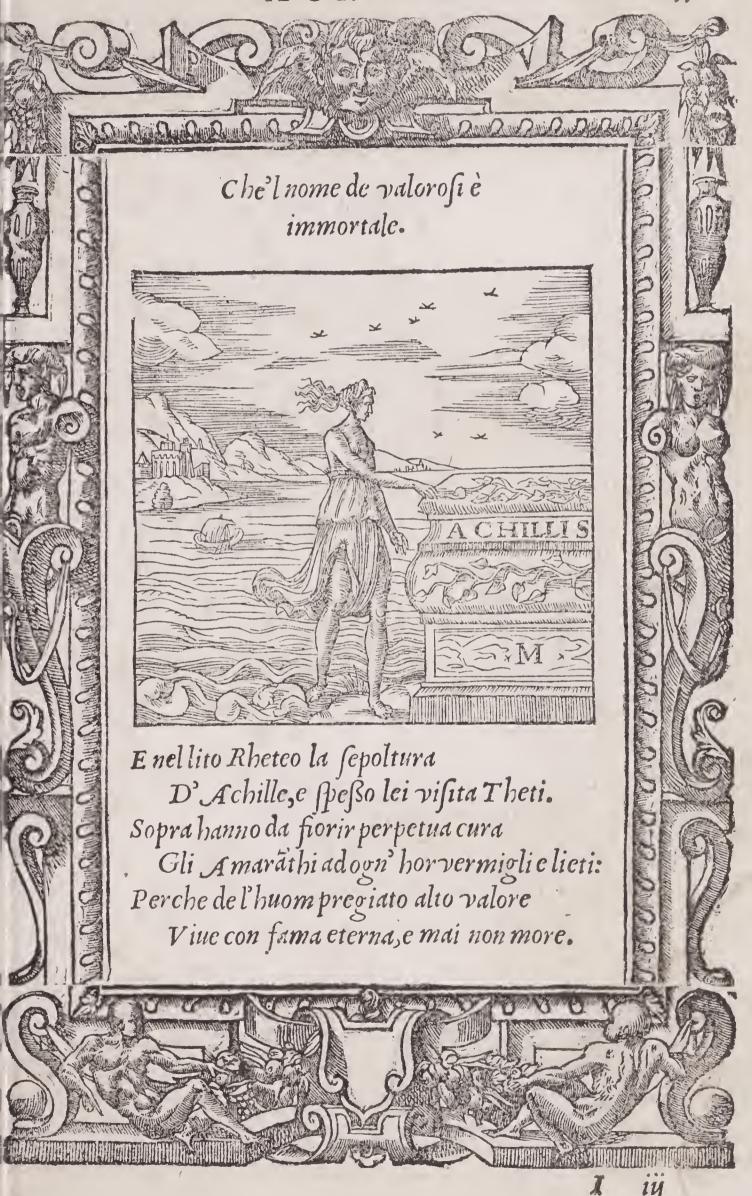










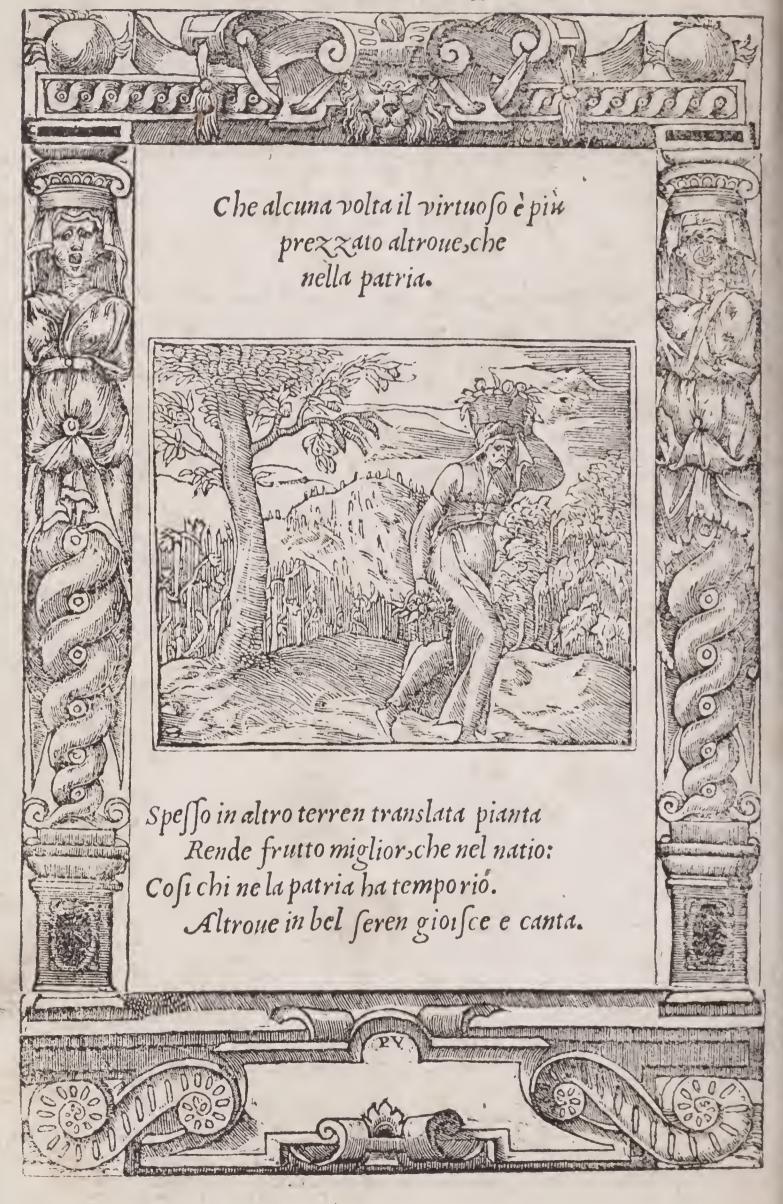


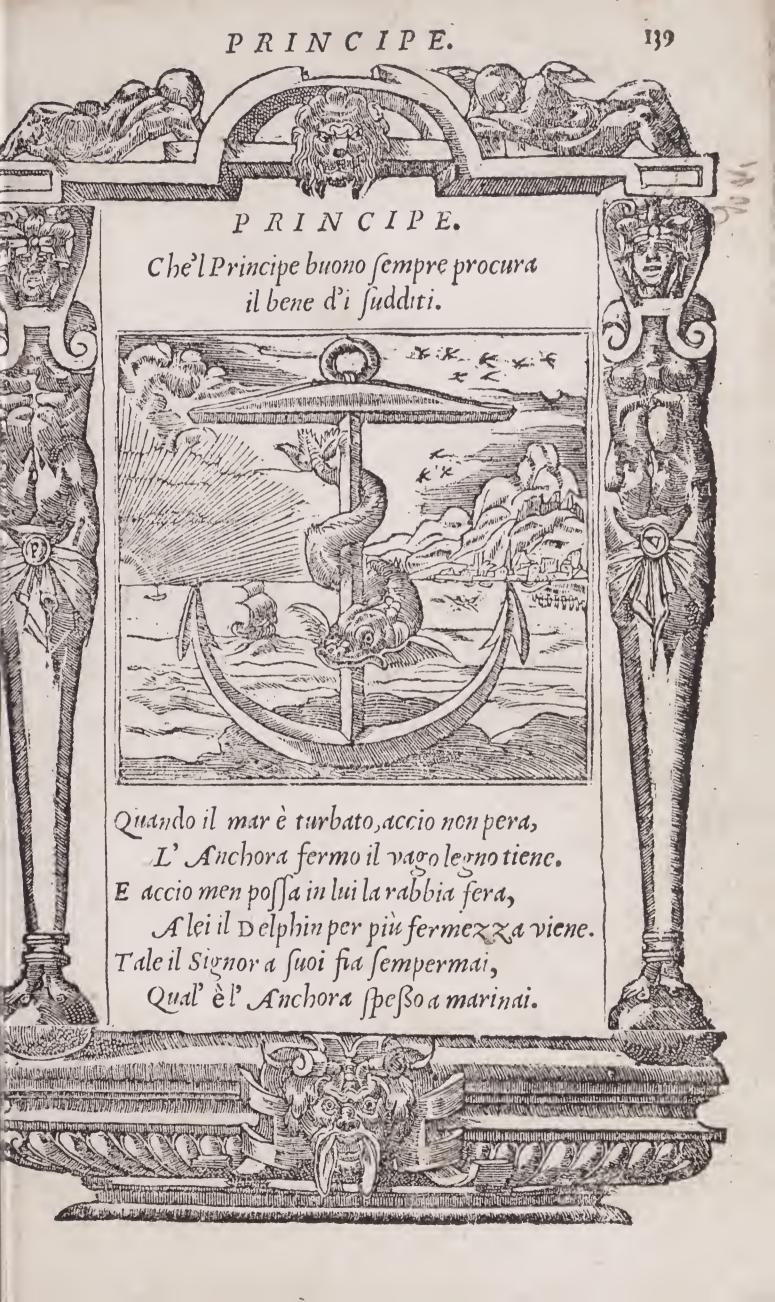
134 HONORE. Nobiltà. Con ricchi panni, e'n varie foggie monstra La sua nobilità l'huomo souente: Ma qual segno è, che lei più manifesti, Che la verture, e i bei costumi honesti?

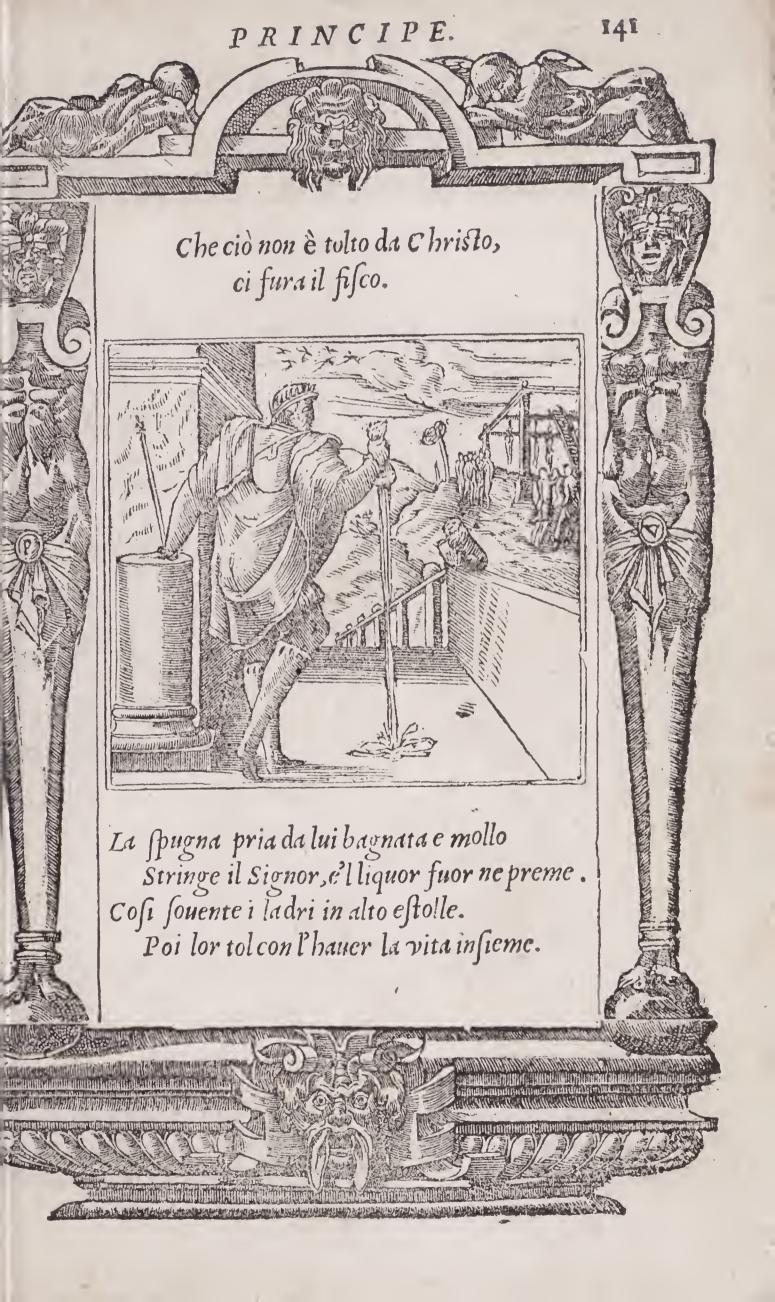


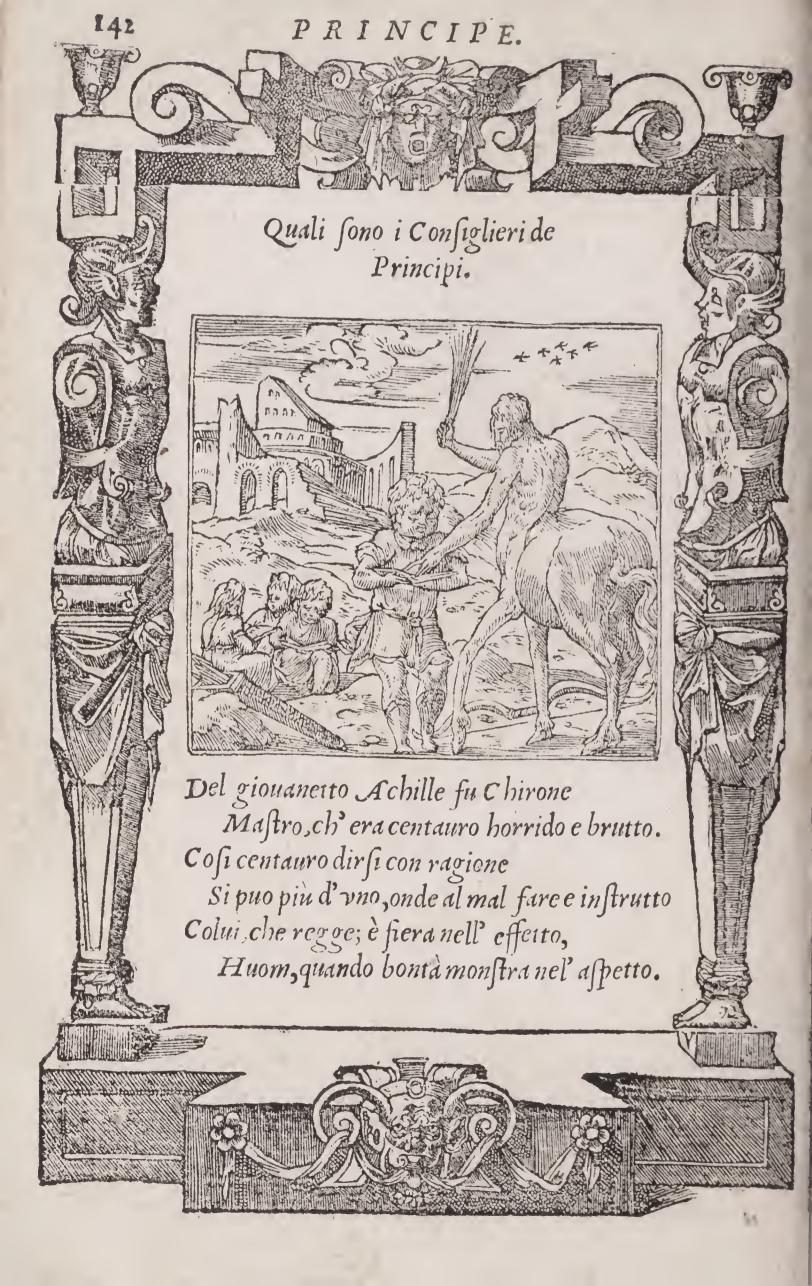
136



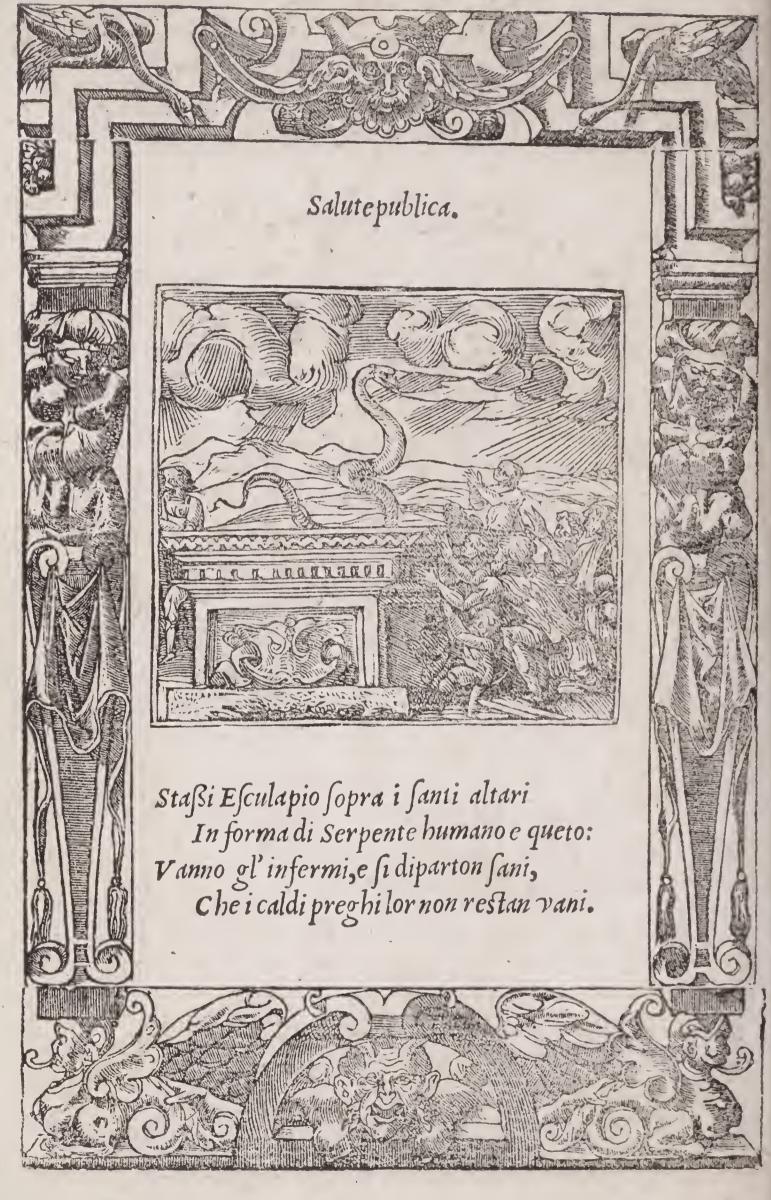


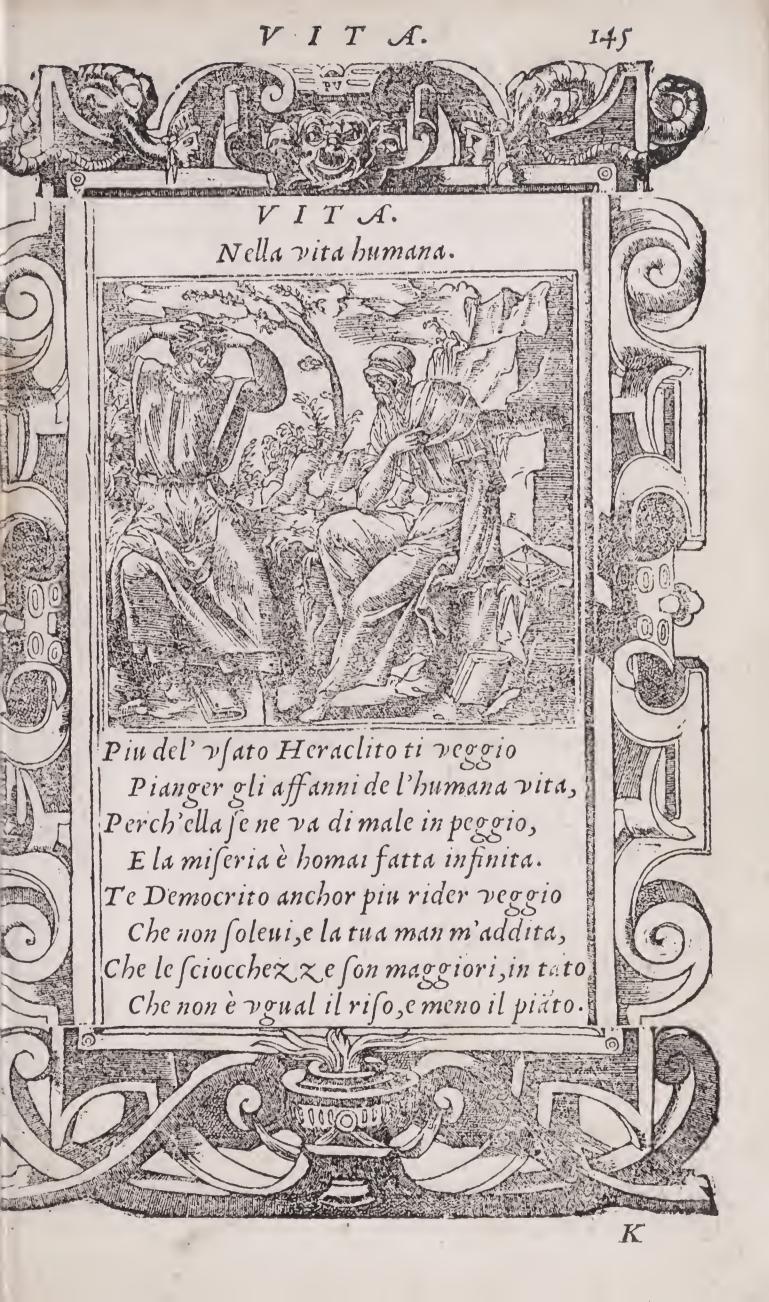


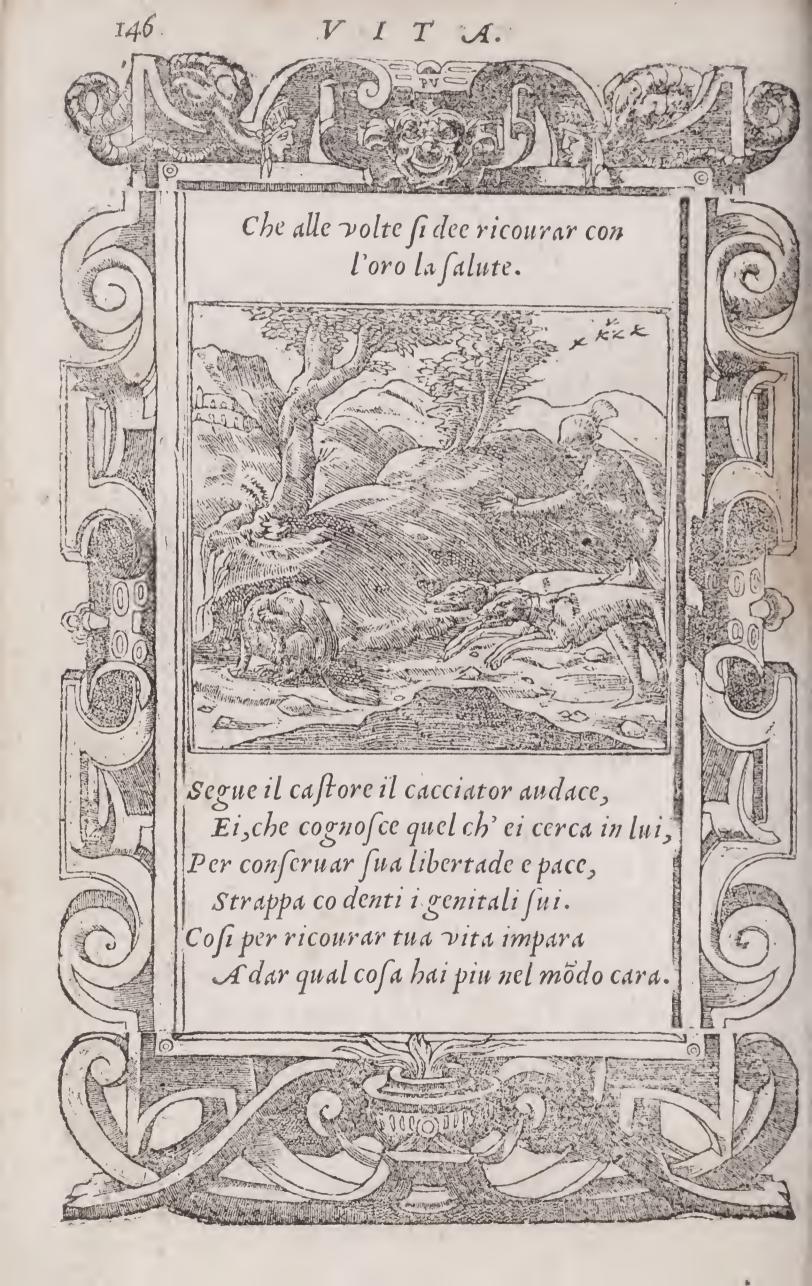


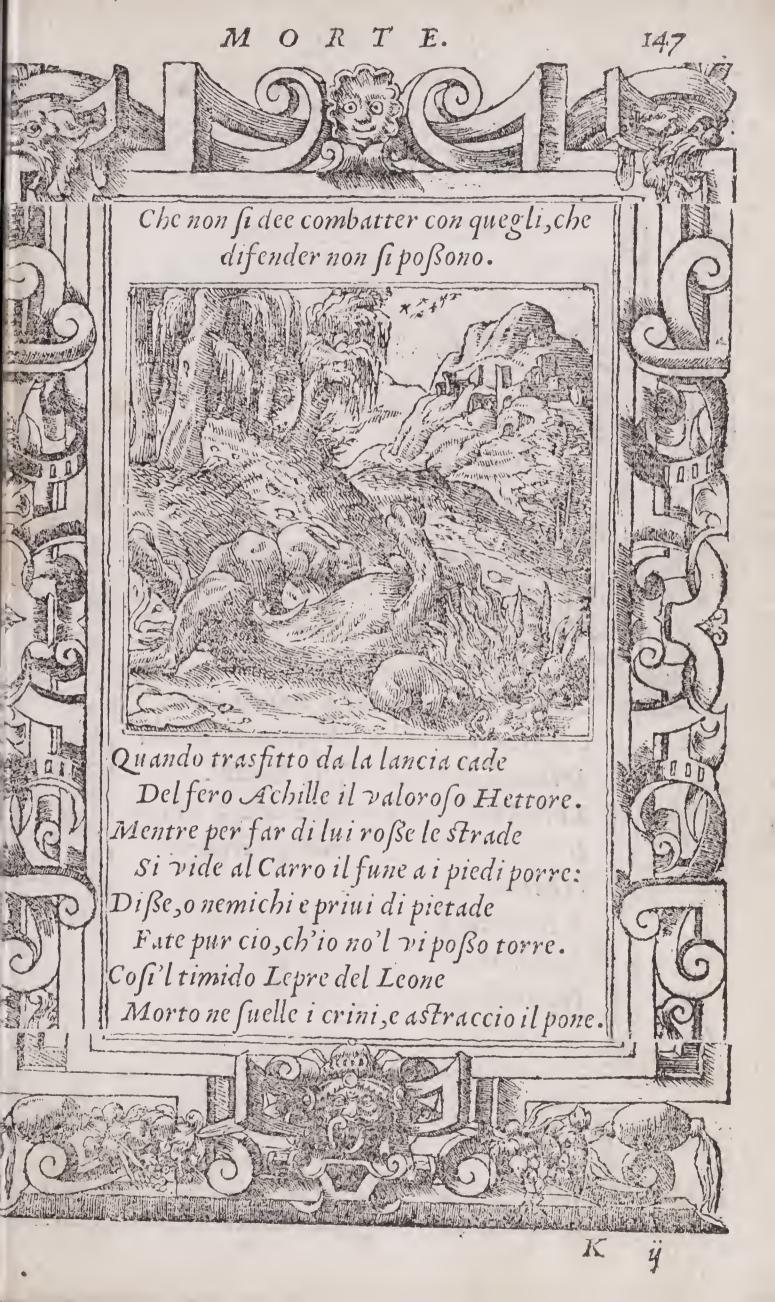










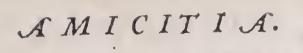




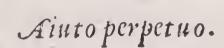








153

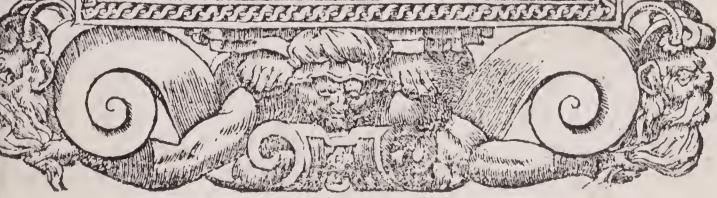


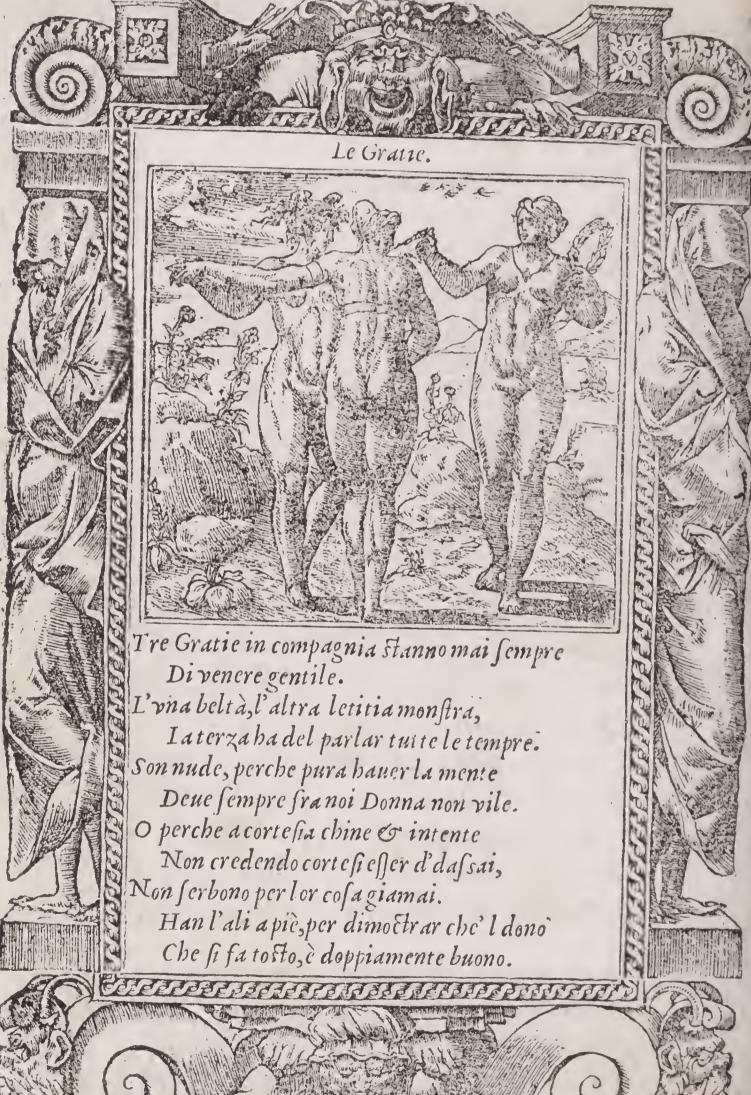


Di duo perigli il buono e fido scudo Scrbatom'ha:di l'vn mentr'era a frōte

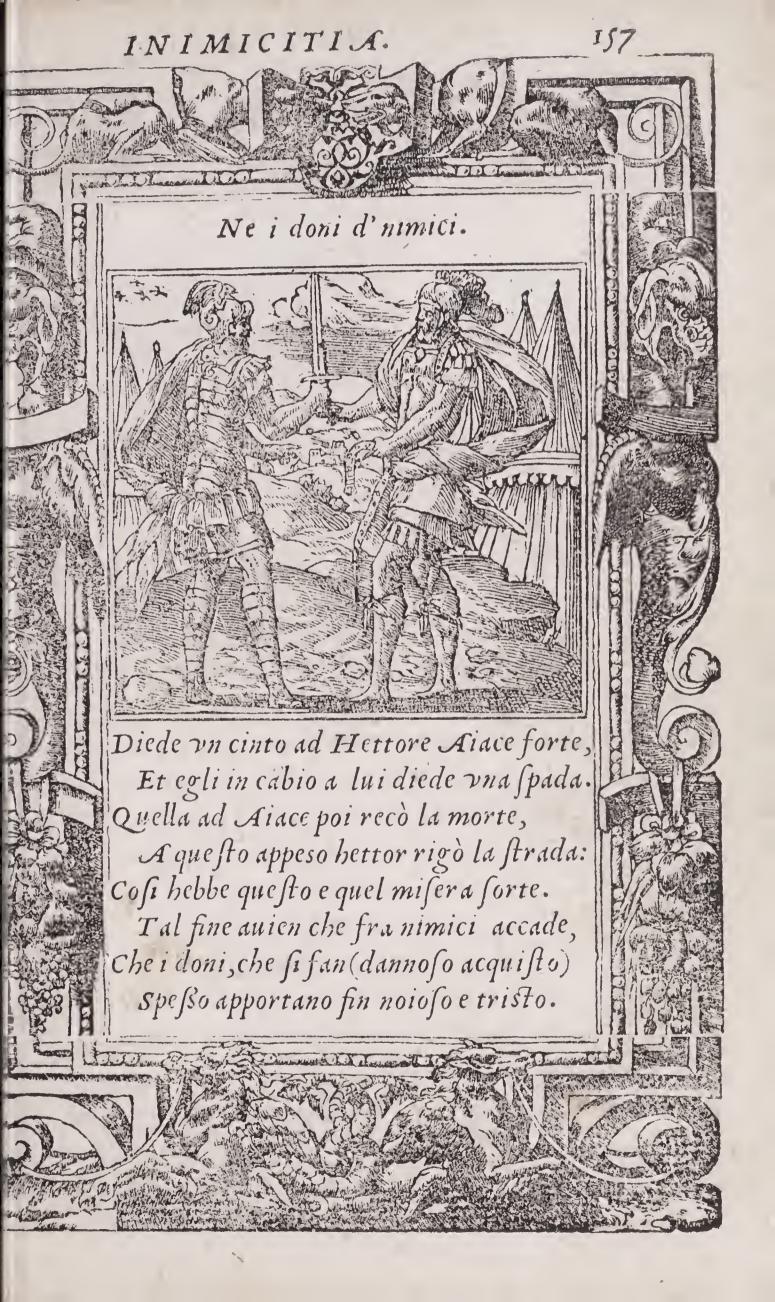
E combattea col mio nemico crudo, C'haurià potuto vecider Rodomonte:

L'altro, ch'in mar sendo somer so espinto, Portomi al lido, ond'ho la morte vinto.









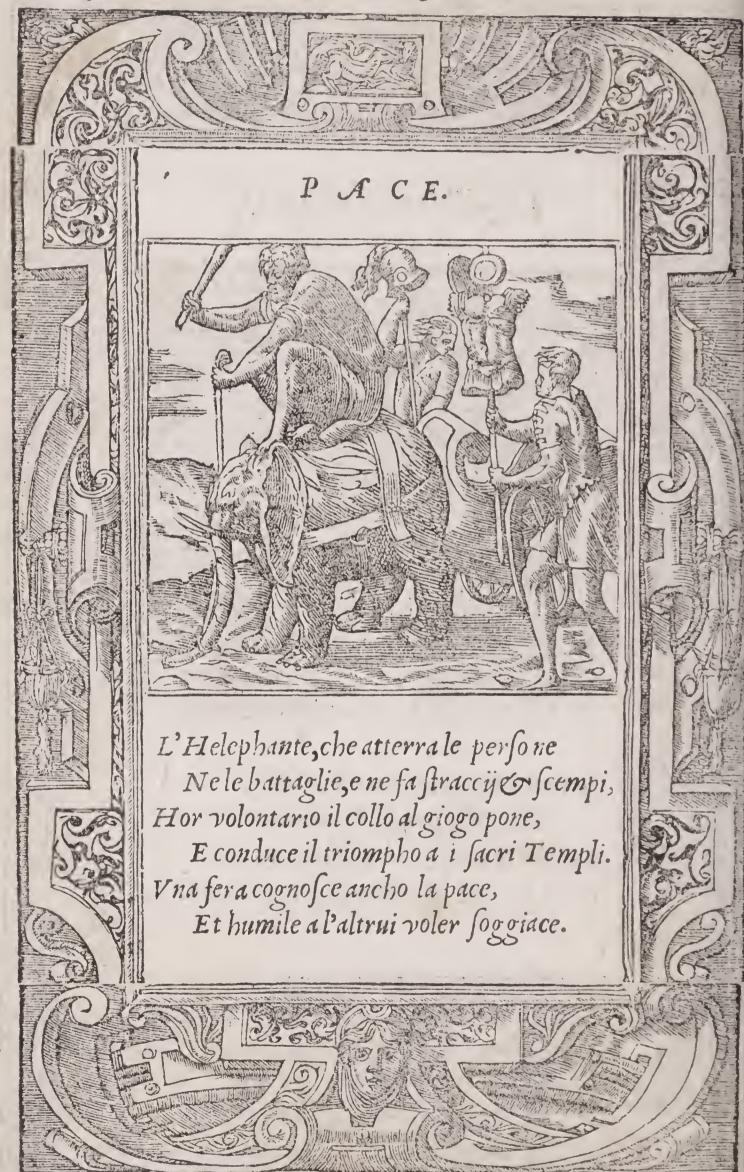


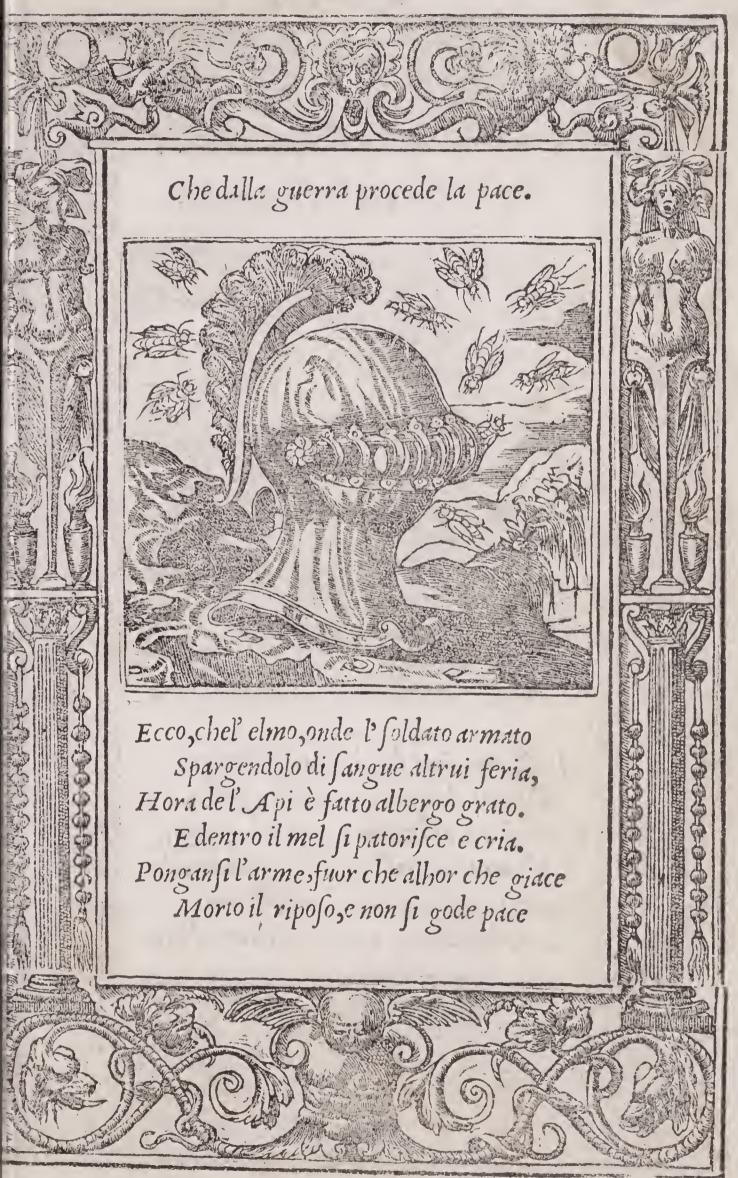






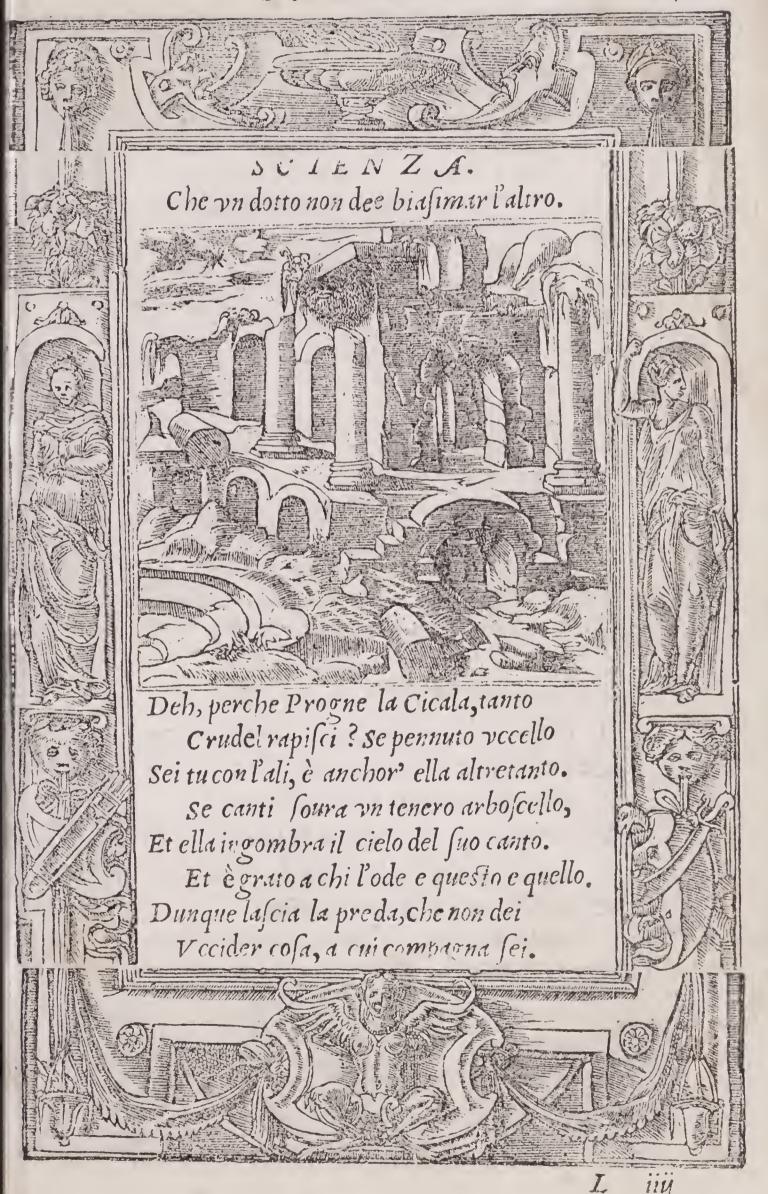


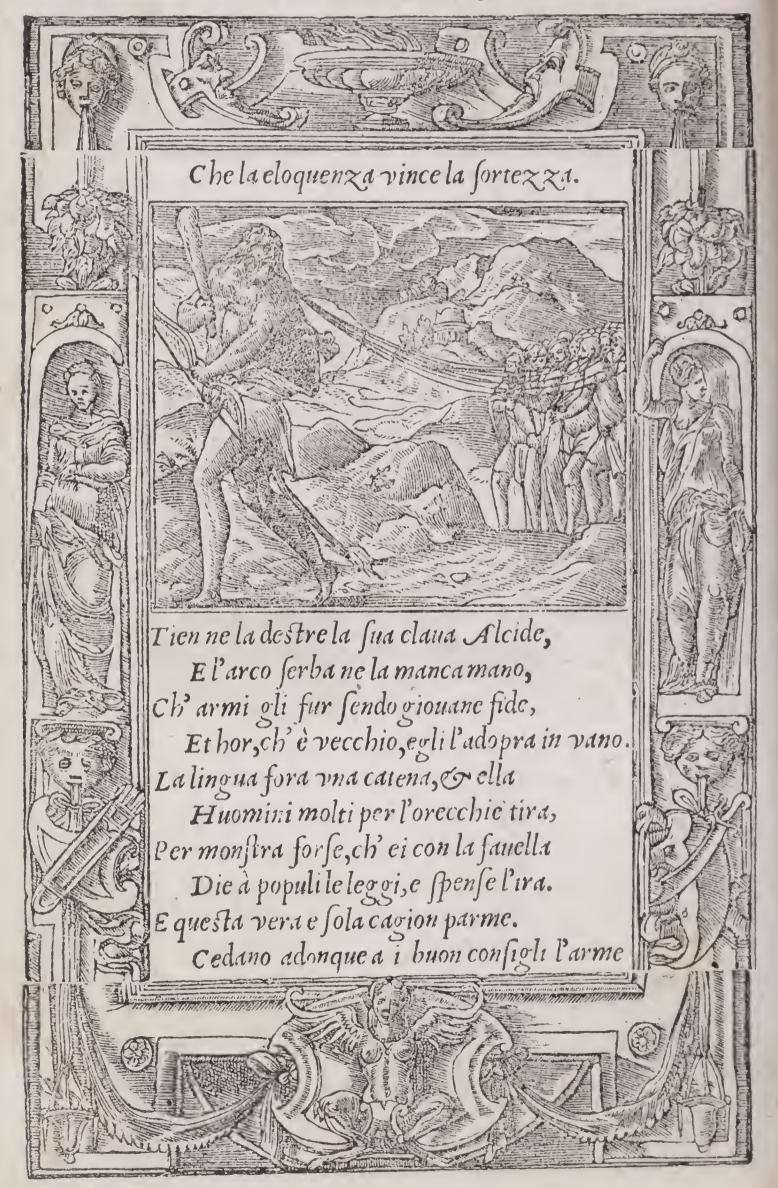




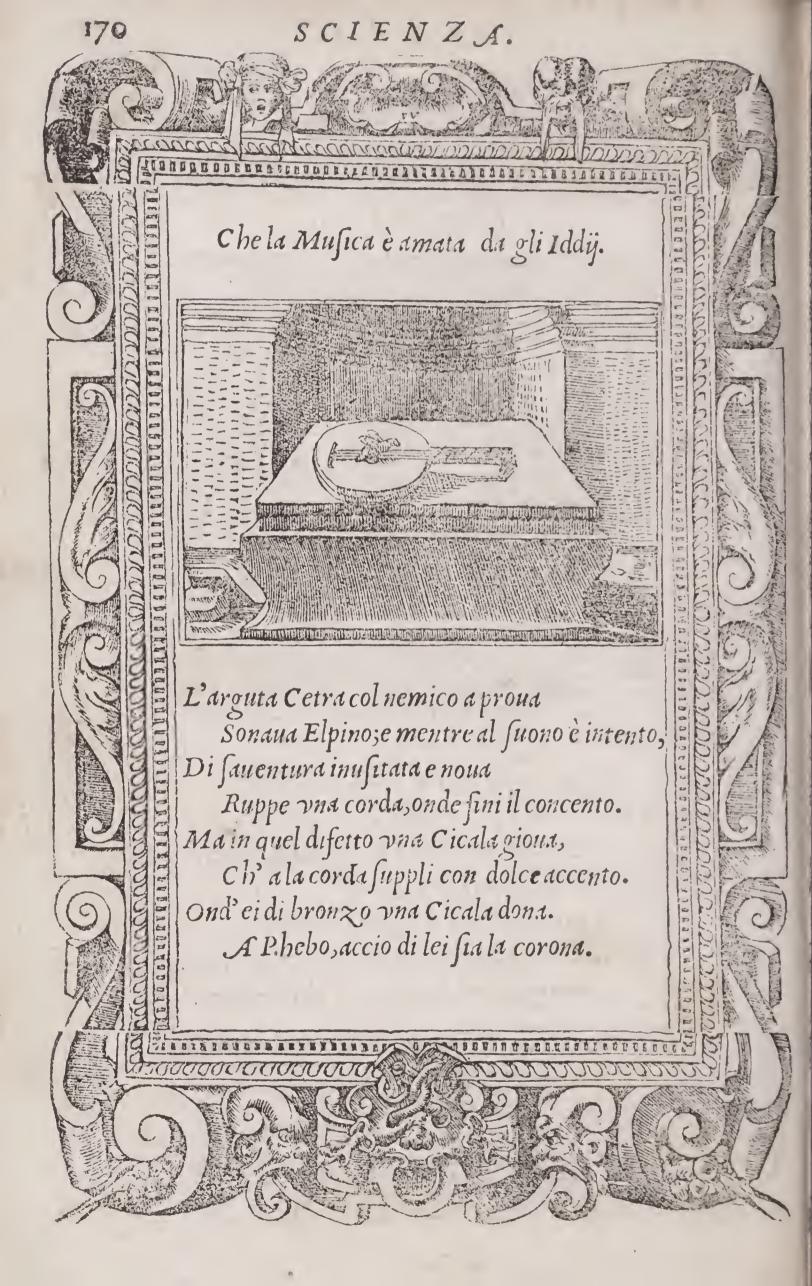
L in

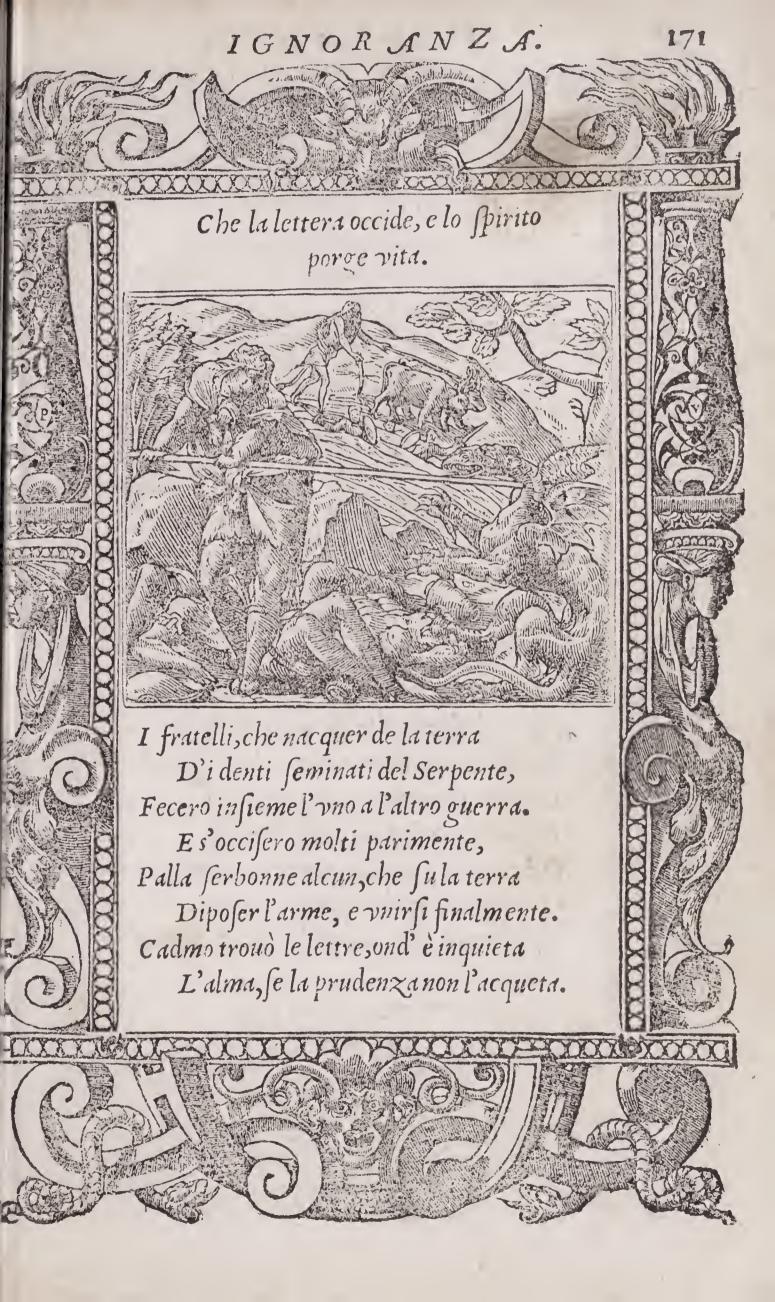




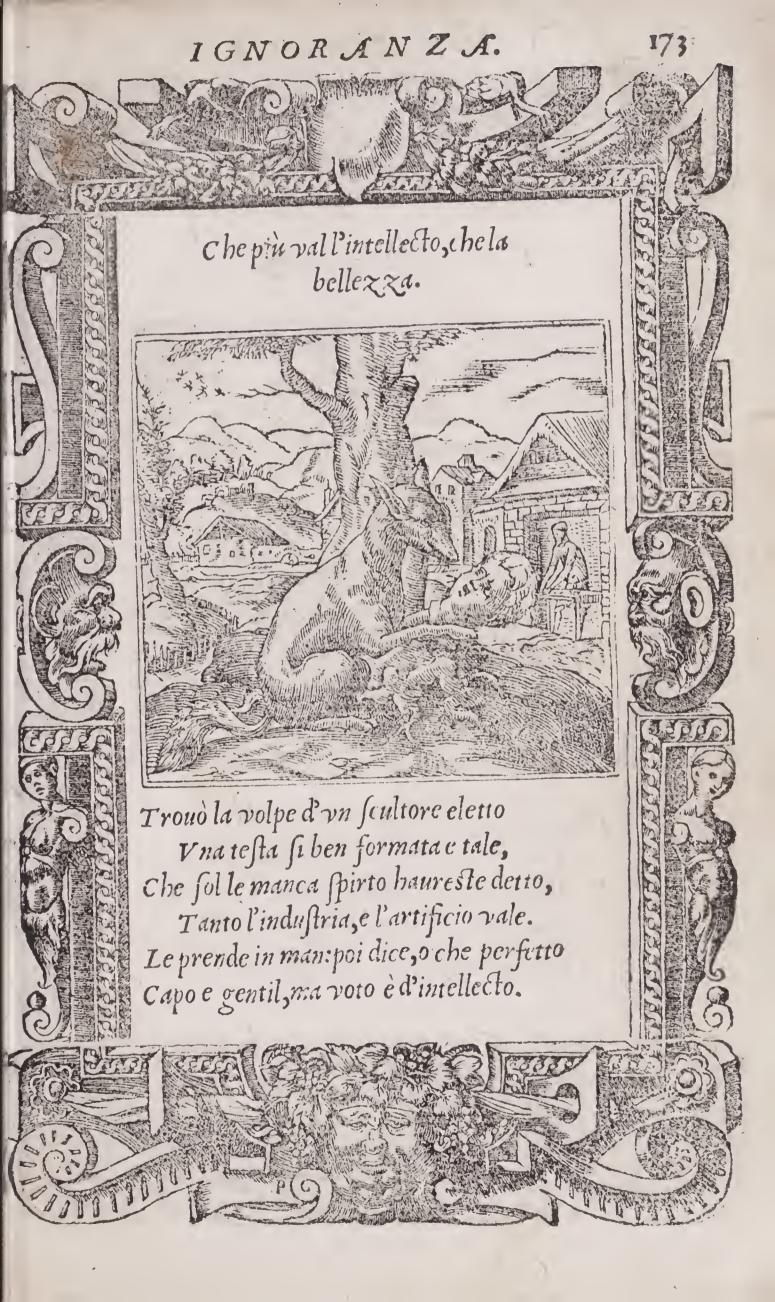




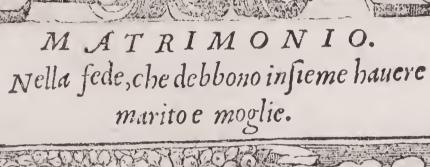














Ecco la donna al suo marito porge

La mano, e giuoca vn cagnoletto a piedi.

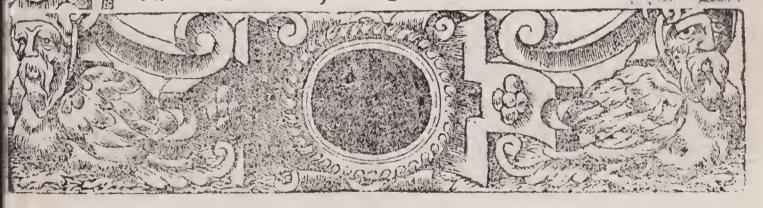
Ilche da vera fede e sempio sorge.

L'arboro, che di mezzo a questi vedi,

E'l frutto, che sincero amor produce,

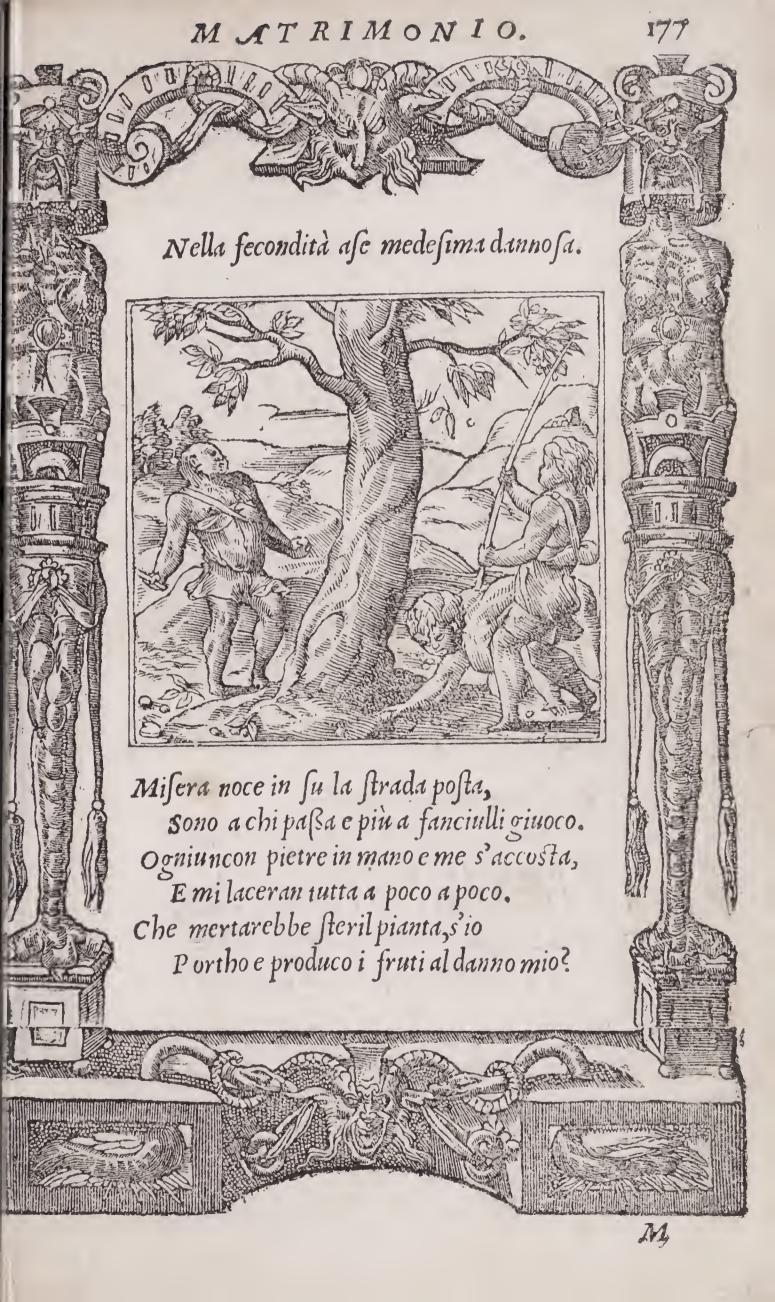
Se ad Hippomene, e al bell' Aci credi.

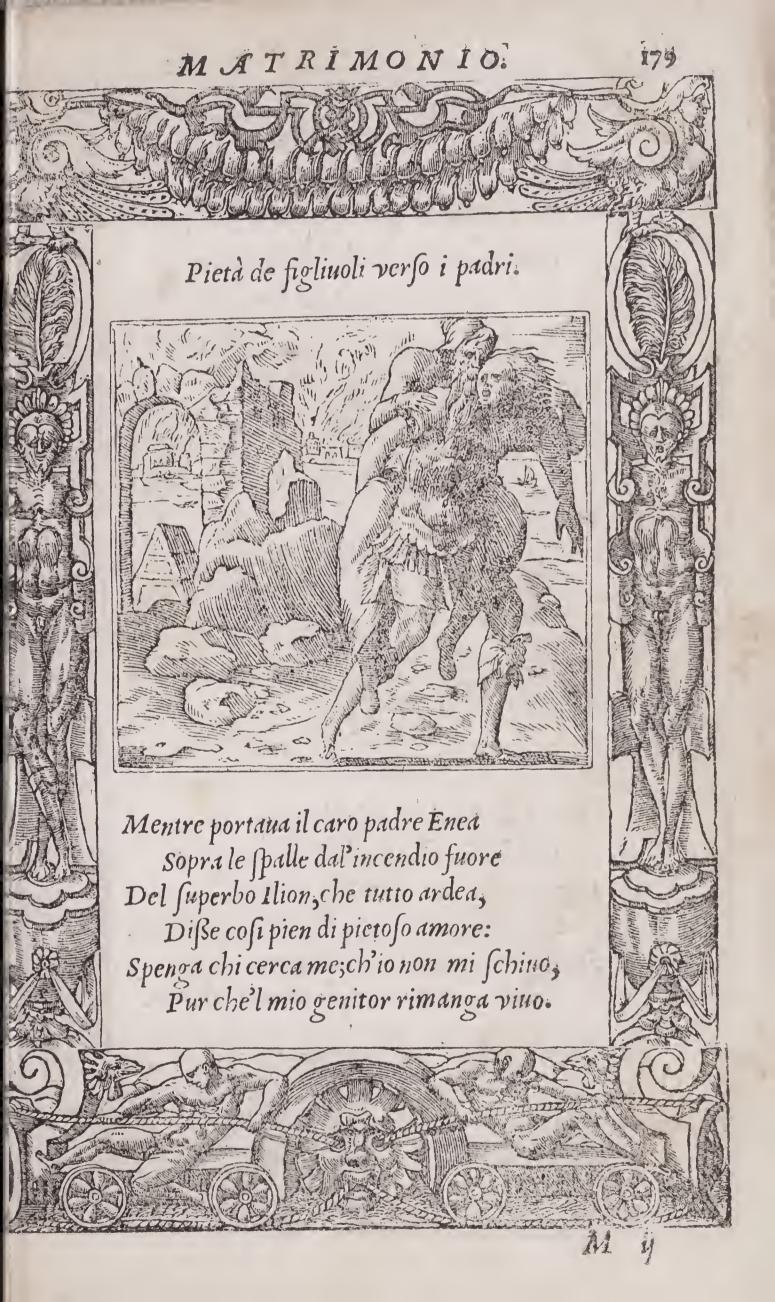
Ch' vn Galathea, l'atro Athalanta adduce.

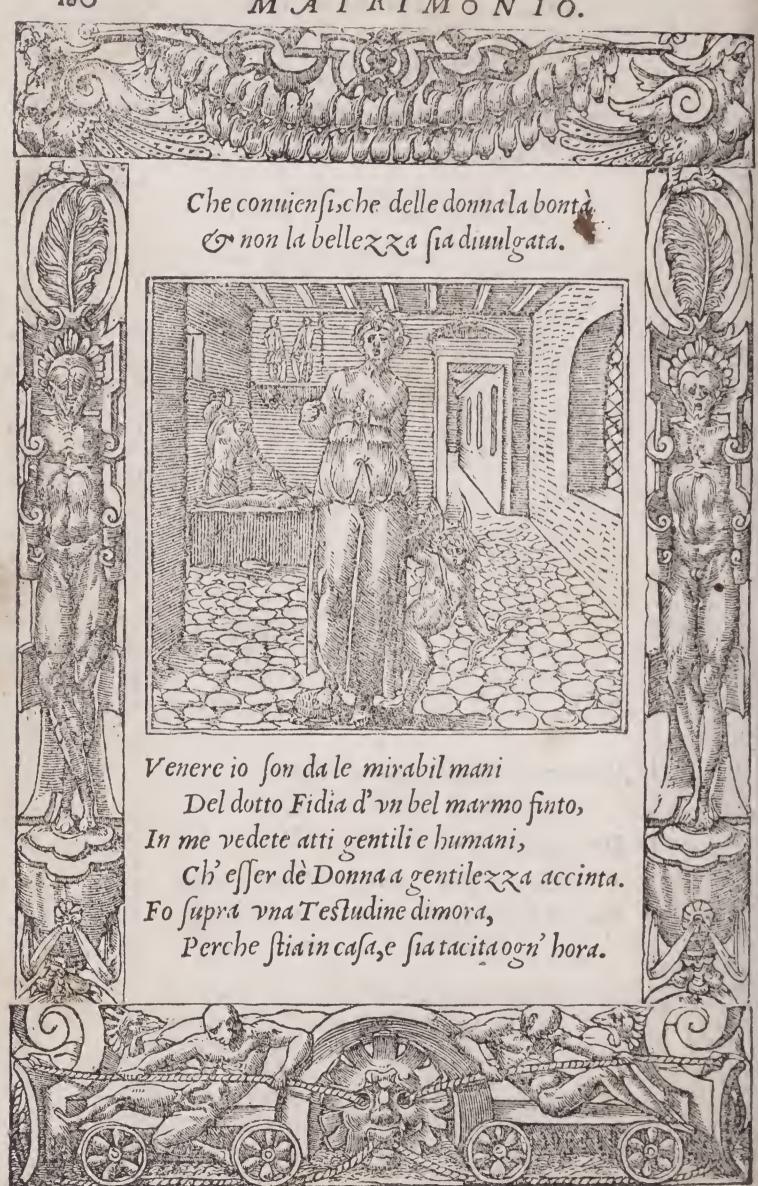






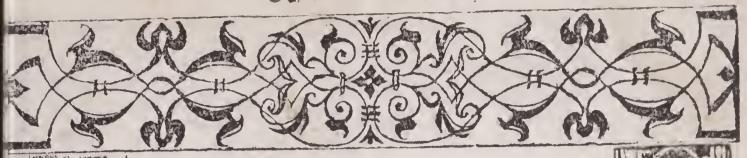


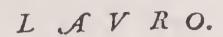






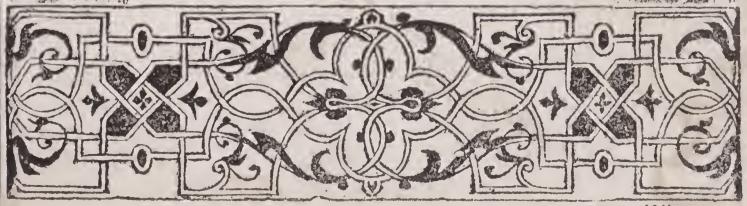


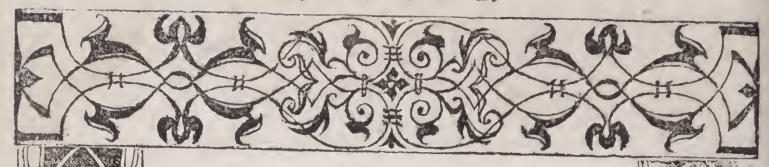


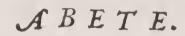




Predice la salute a chi l'attende L'Allor, che sotto al guancialetto posto, Veraci d'ogni tempo i sogni rende,

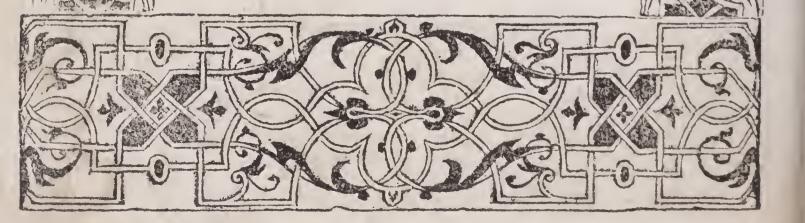








L'Abete, onde si formano le naui E souente materia vtile e pronta Ne le infelicità dannose e graui.









HELLER A.



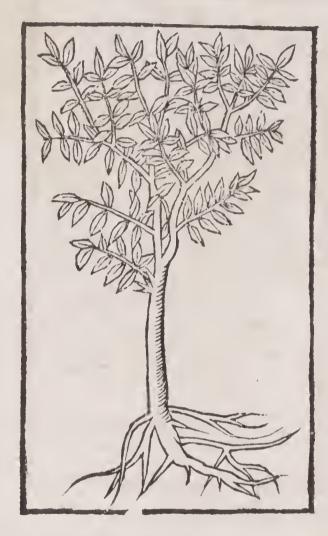
Fu de Poeti gia degna corona
L'Hellera questa è pallida, & anchora
Pallido è chi per bere in Helicona
Suda mai sempre, e s'affatica ogn' hora.
Ella per tempo mai non abbandona
L'honor de le sue foglie: e qui dimora
Dopo la morte in ogni estremo lido
Del ben dotto Poeta eterno il grido,



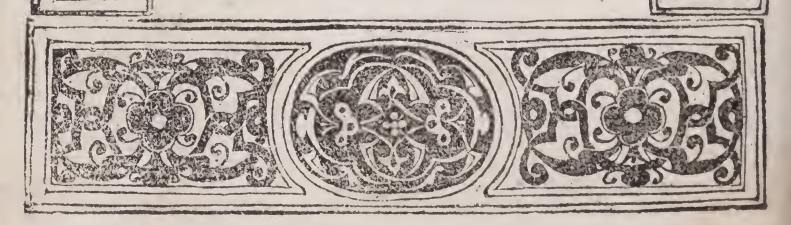


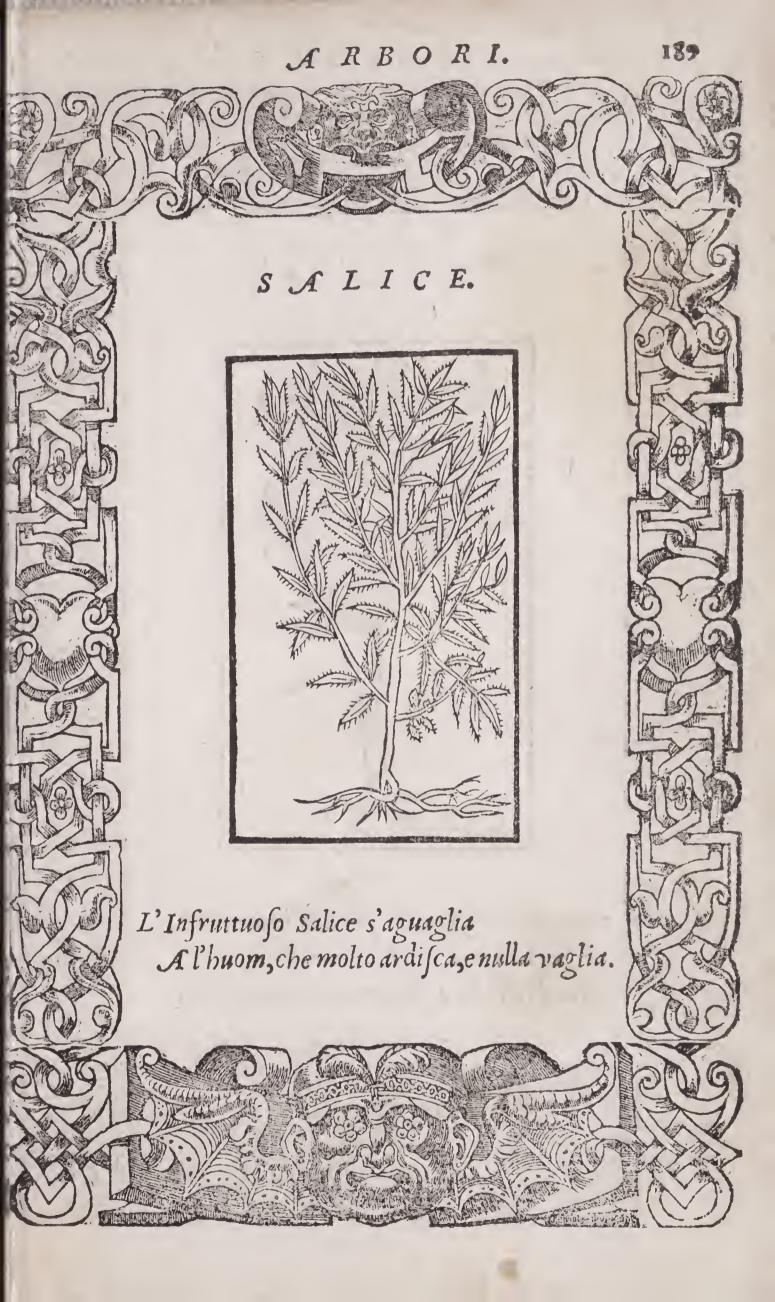






S'adopra il Bosso a far varijstrumenti,
Onde si forma poi suon grato e caro;
Et i suoi rami a le felice genti
Ornano spesso alto edificio e raro.
Ma perche anchora è pallido, assomiglia
A chi del'amor suo tormento piglia.









MORO.



Il tardo Moro mai non getta foglia
Fin che'l freddo non è mancato e spento:
E pur auanti che ignorantia toglia
E chi ad hauer di sauio il grido intento,

IL FINE.











